THE COMMONWEAL

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THE REVOLUTION IN JOURNALISM

THE GALLANT and intensely dramatic fight made by the former employees of the Pulitzer newspapers to keep them alive, together with the foredoomed and tragic failure of that struggle, gave extraordinary public interest to something which is now becoming so common that ordinarily it does not attract much attention, namely, the dying out of great newspapers throughout the land. We have received from one of our readers a letter which to our mind is so finely expressive of the thoughts and emotions of thousands of former friends of the New York *World,* that it seems fitting to quote from it in this place, rather than to consign it to our usual columns of correspondence.

"The *World* came to an end on February 27, 1931," writes Mr. W. D. Hennessy, of Brooklyn, "and it was, in a limited sense, the end of the world for thousands of newspaper readers and the employees of the Pulitzer papers. The death of a real newspaper, especially a liberal, mighty institution such as the *World* was, is a sickening spectacle. I, for one, reading my *World* on that bitter morning, was touched to the heart by the gallant farewell of that last edition. The *World* went down with banners flying and bugles blowing. The fine valedictory editorial of Walter Lippmann, so simple, sincere, restrained and courageous; the news columns that told of pledges of financial support from foreign correspondents and newspapermen of other journals throughout the country; the reprinting by F.P.A. of C. E. Montague's admirable reflections on the life of a newspaperman; all combined to epitomize the sterling spirit of the staff of the *World.*

"The world came to an end more than once in New York in the sense we speak of. There was the death (some say murder) of the *Globe.* Then it was that the *Sun,* in the person of Munsey, the merchant, swallowed the *Globe,* even as some scientists fear the actual globe will be one day overwhelmed by the sun. Oddly enough, the new combined *World-Telegram* is published in the same building that housed the *Globe.* I passed by there today, and amid the general hubbub of getting out the new paper, I noticed a small safe seemingly discarded on a heap of rubbish. On the safe was printed 'The Globe.' It reminded me somehow of the bones of a corpse. When the *Globe* died there were chortles of glee from many quarters, and Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal,* in fact, crowed over the corpse. There are many rejoicing over the demise of the *World.* Their number include, I am afraid,

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many Catholics who were indignant at the editorial policy of that paper on the subject of Mexico. I, too, disagreed with the *World* on that and other questions, but, for my part, I mourn the passing of a gallant, courageous and liberal newspaper. It leaves an unfilled place in the morning newspaper field in New York. I salute also that masterful editor, Walter Lippmann, who was to my mind the most incomparable, lucid editorial writer in America."

Mr. Hennessy's list of great newspapers which have passed away in New York is, of course, incomplete. The *Telegram,* in addition to absorbing the three editions of the *World,* had already absorbed the *Evening Mail;* the *Telegram* being originally the evening edition of the *Herald,* James Gordon Bennett's institution. The *Herald* itself was absorbed by the *Tribune.* The New York *Sun,* morning edition, founded by the great Dana, long ago passed away, together with the New York *Press;* and the list might be extended. The same process is going on throughout the country. During the past five years, as Mr. W. P. Beazell, a former *World* editor, points out in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* daily newspapers have been decreasing at the rate of one every nineteen days. Moreover, individual ownership and responsibility is declining even more noticeably. Every sixth daily newspaper in the United States is now under chain or group ownership; 450 daily papers, nearly 25 percent of the whole number, are held by 150 ownerships. "Economic compulsion has been behind the quite literally revolutionary changes," writes Mr. Beazell. "Circulation has reached the point of saturation, and advertising, already bearing two-thirds of the cost of production, has become more vital than ever before as a source of income. Manufacturing costs have mounted until a variation of 15 percent in the volume of advertising means the difference between profit and loss for most of the newspapers of the country."

There is another change of more importance to the public than the economic ups and down of newspapers. Political representation, in the party sense, is almost completely disappearing. We have now the singular phenomenon of papers owned by a single person, or more commonly by a syndicate, or chain, flying the Democratic flag in one city and the Republican flag in another; sometimes, indeed, a single city will have two papers under the same ownership but preaching different political doctrines. Mr. Beazell states that eighteen of these syndicates are under the necessity of carrying two party flags, however embarrassing it may be upon occasion. There are now ninety-five towns and cities in thirty-four of the states where all the newspapers are under a single ownership.

Journalism as an instrument of public life, in the sense of the championship of political principles, or political parties, thus is seen to be engaged in a life or death grapple with economic forces which seem predestined to complete victory, so far as the great daily newspapers are concerned. Nothing but financial subsidy or endowment on a gigantic scale could possibly preserve the political independence of the press, in the old sense given to that term. Mr. Ernest Gruening, editor of the Portland, Maine, *Evening News,* expresses one side of the situation with great force. "Amorphous newspapers resulting from the merger of others," he writes, "which attempt a general policy of 'fairness to all parties,' do not meet the needs of the situation at all. Usually such papers are dominated wholly by the commercial motive and do not discuss vital political issues with intellectual honesty and vigor. They pussy-foot or ignore such matters altogether. The result is that the public gets little information on essential public matters through its press, and, not getting it from the press, gets it from nowhere else. The newspapers of an older day were undoubtedly much more biased, partisan and unfair than the prevailing newspaper of today. But from the vigorous clash of diverse views emerged a more virile political-mindedness than we have today."

Mr. Beazell agrees with Mr. Gruening's point of view, although pointing out that this attitude on the part of many of our newspapers has been fostered by a variety of other influences than the commercial motive alone; and he declares that it is an attitude that affects more than politics and public affairs, and in increasing measure. According to Mr. Beazell, the tendency among newspapers is to take news as they find it, as it is provided by news-gathering agencies, or by their own reporters and correspondents, without thorough investigation, or "curiosity as to what lies behind and beneath any given situation." This surface news, and the increasing popularity of special features, and pictorial interest, are relied upon to build up circulation, and circulation attracts advertising; thus more and more the newspaper tends to depart from its greater function of ethical service to the community and becomes a giant business, good or bad in its effects upon the public, according to the higher or lower character of ideals of the owners of the press. As Mr. Beazell says: "The really important thing is that a fundamental change is being wrought in what has been a vital agency of guidance throughout our history. The character of the newspaper service in the future lies wholly within the realm of speculation."

WEEK BY WEEK

THREE recent developments within the same week were of the utmost significance. These were, first, the announcement by the League of Nations that far more treaties for the peaceful settlement of differences between nations were signed in the past year than ever before; second, the splendid diplomatic coup by Great Britain which assured that there shall be no race in naval armament between France and Italy, as was threatened, and as result of this, that the limitations tentatively agreed to by the

Good Peace Business

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United States, Great Britain and Japan at the London Naval Conference, may be carried out; and third, the passage in Washington of the appropriation of $358,000,000 for the current year for our own navy. The significance of the first two events is obvious, and we mention the third in no spirit of reproach but to give concrete example of the sizableness of the naval question. We have recently witnessed the struggle in Washington to obtain for the relief of bankrupt and starving laborers whose efforts contribute to the supply of goods, or the real wealth, of the country an appropriation of $25,000,000—in short, one-fourteenth the amount passed without opposition to be consumed in steel leviathans, coal, oil, gunpowder, and manpower, without hope of productive return. Let us repeat, that this parallel is not intended as a reproach. We fully appreciate the necessary and patriotic service rendered by the navy, and are not advocates of sudden, or rash, reduction. We do believe, however, that a salutary direction to national enterprise has developed looking toward establishment of effective agencies for the pacific settlement of international issues, that the advantages that will be enjoyed by all peoples by this are enormous, and that the progress is real and not deceptive.

THE AGREEMENT for practical limitation of the threatening race in naval armaments between France and Italy, will not only be of great material advantage to these countries by reason of the abatement in expenses on non-productive outlays, but also it has already been seen to be of even greater intangible benefit in relieving their peoples from apprehensions and unfriendly feelings. As we have said, this relieved not only France and Italy but also Great Britain, which, had the two Latin countries continued to arm themselves at the rate they were threatening, would have felt that the ratio of her armaments would have to be maintained in proportion; and this in turn would have engaged at least the peace of mind of Japan and the United States. But happily 1931 continued the good work of 1930. This past year saw in spite of all warlike rumors and alarms the conclusion of fifty-two treaties for conciliation, judicial settlement or arbitration. In 1929 there were only thirty-four such treaties executed, fifteen in 1928 and six in 1927. The important thing is, that these treaties are not mere scraps of paper, but instruments involving the establishment of methods and personnel for the orderly and seriatim settlement of defined issues. They are the finest safety valves in the world, for by their settlement of individual issues they avoid the piling up of these issues into a great inclusive one which finally involves the emotions, if not the honor, of great masses of people and their turning to death-dealing for settlement. Although the United States has shown herself to be chary of committing herself to the League of Nation's general act for the peaceful settlement of all disputes or, so far, of numbering herself among the thirty-four states bound to recognize the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court, she has shown that our Department of State is not inactive in the cause of peace by leading all other nations in the number of bilateral treaties, or agreements with individual states and on specific issues.

World Wheat War

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by the Farm Board of its determination to sell abroad 35,000,000 bushels of government-owned wheat, and the prompt protest from Europe that this would constitute a dumping operation similar to the kind against which we have, with practically every other nation, been protesting in the case of Russia, is further evidence of how curiously out of joint business is at present. Either that, or it is evidence that modern facilities for communication and the prompt and full publishing of news have made us sensitive to inevitable and ephemeral business disturbances, which before would have been apparent only to the business men involved. The truth of the matter probably is that this improvement of news facilities and the growth of an appreciation of business and economic events as news, may have heightened our awareness of the times being out of joint, yet the fact of the disjointure is beyond dispute. Economics, a philosopher has said, is war in an invisible form. For our own part, we may reflect that, as wars in the visible and audible forms of cannon and musket fire have evolved from struggles between relatively small and professional armies into struggles in which entire populations are mobilized against each other, so the invisible forms of economics have become struggles in which, rather than individual and private traders, nations are pitted against nations. Faced with the overt acceptance of this principle by Soviet Russia, there might seem to be no other way open for other peoples. Europe has recently witnessed the breakdown of two grain conferences, one of them actually held in the same room where the covenant of the League of Nations and Kellogg pact were signed. They broke down over the simple declaration of the traders that they would continue to buy where they could buy cheapest.

RUSSIA as a Continental unit controls one great wheat supply; the American Farm Board, with holdings of 140,000,000 bushels, as far as exports are concerned, controls another unprecedentedly large supply as a unit. Canada and Argentina, not yet organized in such formidable economic units, are being undersold in their former European markets in spite of having, it is said, turned their diplomatic staffs into wheat salesmen. Meanwhile in Europe the grain-producing countries—Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Jugoslavia—have a surplus stock estimated to be 30,000,000 tons which they cannot dispose of, except at a loss, if they meet the price of Russia, and the price it is expected America will have to offer if it expects to do business. The five European wheat states are said to have a farm debt of $1,200,000,000, which means

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that every farm is mortgaged to the limit. If this be not a tough situation for the sellers, then figures lie. Certainly it is ominous, and America as a whole, since it is so largely involved, may count itself fortunate in having so astute and practical a wheat emperor as Mr. Alexander Legge in charge of its forces. Fundamentally this situation arises from the now familiar technical improvement of production methods and the production of more commodities than the established world markets can absorb, coupled with the unwillingness of any country to relinquish its tempo of production for fear that other countries will not do so and would therefore soon have it economically at a mortal disadvantage. The situation is actually the very opposite of that foreseen by the Malthusian theory. As that theory once did, it proposes seemingly insuperable obstacles. It will inevitably deal its share of bumps, bruises and even some crushing blows. Some decades from now, however, we hope to see a gradual adjustment which, throughout the world and benefiting all men, will have reduced the hours of labor to compensate for the improvement in machines, and have effected an equitable distribution of wealth which will take care, not of that impersonal thing, consumption, but of sufficiency and security for everyone.

Favorable Business Signs

WHILE it is inevitable that forecasts of returning prosperity emanating from official circles at Washington must suffer from a scepticism produced by bitter experience, the optimistic view of developments in the economic situation at home and abroad made by Mr. Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference appointed by President Hoover, deserves a fair hearing. On its face, it is decidedly encouraging, and apparently it is supported by facts of a stronger nature than mere hopeful thinking. If it is traditionally a foolish thing to ignore the cry of "Wolf!" when the ravening beast is actually at hand, it would be equally stupid to shut one's ears to all reports of the coming of the harbingers of spring. Mr. Barnes presents definitely a picture of an increased liquidation and adjustment of stocks of goods on hand, ordinarily a certain indication of an upward trend in the making and selling of more such goods, with consequent increase of employment. Unless our present situation is of such an abnormal character that all signs fail in computing it, this report from local markets must be considered as very favorable. Other encouraging indications are reported in various industries, such as automobiles, pig iron production, and the gasoline and crude oil trades, while savings have steadily increased, with consequent good results on the credit situation. Foreign trade, however, still is lagging. Despite this handicap, it seems reasonable to expect that with the stimulation which the approach of spring normally supplies to all staple industries and business, the positive facts of a recovery of trade gathered by Mr. Barnes will increase steadily if not rapidly and bring the worst of the depression appreciably nearer to a close. It will be a good test of the amount of confidence still given to the fact-finding commissions of Washington to observe what effect the report may have on manufacturers and dealers.

Communist Propaganda

A JANITOR employed by the Finnish Workers' Education Club, in Harlem, a section of New York City which is now the center of a Negro population of many tens of thousands, has become, through the astute methods of Communist propaganda originating in and directed from Moscow, the central figure of a most extraordinary scene, which may have consequences of a highly serious kind. The janitor, August Yokinen, was put on trial by the Communist party, of which he has been a member, on charges of showing race prejudice against Negroes. Following the example set him by the "traitors" recently tried in Moscow, Yokinen pleaded guilty, and accepted the conditions imposed upon him by the Communist "court" to recover his membership in the party. Those conditions are, first, to convert his brother Finns of the Workers' Club to the Communist creed of absolute racial equality with Negroes; second, to induce them to prove their creed by admitting Negro members; third, to join the League of Struggle for Negro Rights and sell its organ each week; fourth (as a piece of direct action), to lead a demonstration against a Harlem restaurant which bars Negroes; and, fifth, to aid all movements aiming at doing away with discrimination of any sort against Negroes.

TWO THOUSAND Communists packed the hall. Negroes were numerous. It was said that more than one hundred fraternal organizations were represented by delegates. The press tables were crowded. The newspapers of New York published reports of the proceedings several columns long. The Negro press, of course, will pay even greater attention to an episode unique in American history. The whole affair was a direct importation from Moscow. The speeches of the counsel on both sides were full of Communist dogmas. Capitalism was accused of fomenting race discrimination. The efforts of Moscow to win American Negroes to the cause of world revolution were never more openly and more successfully carried out, so far, at least, as publicity is concerned. What actual effect these efforts are likely to make is, of course, wholly conjectural at present. The responsible and trustworthy leaders of the Negro race are not turning toward Moscow for aid in their work for their followers. But that there exists a fertile field for the most dangerous and subversive kind of Communist propaganda among the Negroes is certain. It is also certain that Moscow's agents are not overlooking such an opportunity. The episode in Harlem is an undeniable proof of their vigilance and zeal. The Communst invasion of the United States by propaganda is a reality.

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Good Books Listed

WHILE at least a few somewhat serious faults of omission might be charged against the first list of one hundred recommended books issued by Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee for the use of Catholic readers, the list otherwise is admirable, and will do much good—which may be said also, and with even greater emphasis, of the weekly reports issued by the committee and published in the Catholic newspapers of the country through the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. We are particularly glad to notice that many works written by others than Catholic authors are included in the list. There can never be that really widespread growth of true literary appreciation among Catholics which is so desirable—and, we would add, so needed—if recommended works are confined to Catholic authors. Catholicism is universal, not sectarian, and the intellectual interests of the faithful include all that is sound and worthy in all fields. Books on art, such as those by Royal Cortissoz and Lorado Taft, biographies by Owen Wister, Allan Nevins, William Lyon Phelps and Charles Edward Russell, fiction by Henry Handel Richardson, Francis Griswold and Dorothy Canfield, poetry by Robert Frost and Gerald Gould, and books by Admiral Byrd, Herbert Wallace Schneider and others, are instances of this broad and generous point of view. The Catholic books as well as those by non-Catholic authors include biographies, essays, fiction and works on art, philosophy, history, travel, poetry and religion. The list may be obtained on application to the secretary of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee, 23 East 51st Street, New York, N. Y.

The Pope's Latin

THE LATIN DEPARTMENT of the University of Pittsburgh is circulating copies of the Pope's radio address in its original Latin, which for the virtues of style and beauty is compared by Mr. Albin D. McDermott, research associate of the department, to that written in "the golden age of Latin literature." The Pittsburgh press reports Mr. McDermott as saying that the Pope's address proved that Latin is not the dead language it is commonly supposed to be, and the fact that in every country in the world there were some who understood at least part of the Pope's speech, emphasizes the universality of the Latin language. "In the opinion of many experts," said the teacher, "the Holy Father's speech was a masterpiece in Latin prose. His Holiness, Pius XI, admirably upheld the tradition of impeccable Latin which has grown up in the Church during the last 400 years. Cicero himself, the greatest of Latin stylists, the most forceful of orators, and the idol of the man who compiled the Latin Bible, Saint Jerome, would have been delighted by the delivery of the Holy Father, no less than by his rhetorical clearness and accuracy. The Pope used the Italian pronunciaton of Latin . . . There are four distinct methods of Latin pronunciation: Italian, German, English and Continental. The Holy Father used the one which has the strongest historical backing and which is best suited for declamation.

"ANOTHER fact brought out by the Pope's address is that Latin is not the dead language it is commonly supposed to be. Little do we realize that most of the business of the Church at Rome is conducted in Latin. All official documents, such as encyclicals, bulls, briefs, institutions of bishops, replies from the Roman congregations and acts of provincial councils are written in Latin. Much is commonly made of the fact that Church Latin is supposed to differ from classical Latin, the literary language of the period extending through the first century B. C. to the end of the first century A. D. Church Latin is usually considered to be greatly inferior to the language of Cicero, Caesar and Livy. This inferiority was a fact until the time of the Renaissance, roughly speaking, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries A. D. Since that time correctness has become a byword in Church Latin. It is not stretching a point to say that official documents of the Church since that period need not suffer from comparison with models of classical prose such as the Commentaries of Caesar or the Histories of Livy, at least in point of grammatical precision and purity of vocabulary."

SIGNS AND AFFIRMATIONS

IN OUR contacts with the critical spirit in the world, which variously have run all the way from the polite, but insidious, deprecations of pale pinks, or parlor radicals, to the belligerently uttered formula of radical reds that religion is the opiate of the people, we have observed an error that seemed to be commonly held. This was the idea that the Catholic Church was an organization for receiving material goods and returning for them only immaterial goods. In other words, along with the idea that our nuns are the sad and drooping fainéant creatures that they are pictured in the movies and uninformed fiction, seemed to exist the covering, theoretical idea that the Faith is long on words and short on works. This idea we have often found to be advanced by otherwise intelligent and amiable people as being a fundamental *raison d'être* and mitigation for the Soviets' expulsion of religion. The jolly Bolsheviks, we are urged to believe, being motivated by a love of mankind which seeks to assure to all men greater wealth and happiness in this world, are natural enemies of the Church which takes from men wealth of this world and returns only vague promises and stern regulations. The utter ignorance or shallow knowledge of history, of the saving and practical work of the Church in a selfish and often savage world, that this idea reveals is so abysmal that it would be too long and weary a business to counter it here with historical evidence. It can, however, readily be answered by evidence in our times, such as the fact that approximately 50 percent of the hospitalization in the United

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States is in the care of or supported by Catholics. Specific examples of the works of corporate mercy which are under the inspired and practical direction of the Church are, of course, like the historical examples so manifold that a sort of implicit injustice may seem to be involved in describing only one. Yet for obvious reasons such a selection has a convincingness beyond generalities and we intend no slight by the selection.

In Detroit, Michigan, we can find an example for our need the details of which were supplied to us by an attorney of that city, Mr. Arthur D. Maguire, who in turn acknowledges for some of his information his debt of gratitude to members of the First Order of St. Francis. In Detroit, since the rapid development of manufacturing methods there in the automobile industry, there was a boom in material prosperity for practically everyone from capitalist and manager of industry and real estate owner, down through the ranks of labor to the worker who enjoyed the five-dollar minimum wage prevalent in that city. Then came the "break"—capital depreciation, overloaded inventories and falling demand for the products of Detroit's factories. Many of the latter were closed for longer or shorter periods, and men thrown out of work. During the past winter, it has been estimated that there were 90,000 unemployed men in Detroit. Among that many men out of work, it can readily be imagined that there were numbers faced with actual prospect of starvation —not only men, but also women and children.

On November 3, 1930, members of the Third Order of St. Francis in Detroit opened a soup kitchen in their hall attached to the Capuchin Monastery of St. Bonaventure. By the end of the second week, the daily number of guests numbered over four hundred and fifty. Today the order is feeding about twelve hundred each day. From eight to nine o'clock in the morning breakfast is served of large bowls of hot coffee and plenty of bread. From eleven o'clock in the morning to two in the afternoon soup is served and all the bread the guests can eat. No questions of any kind are asked. To the women and children, in as far as possible, are sent baskets with bread and vegetables and sometimes a little meat. Friends of the order, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have shown a truly Franciscan spirit in their support of the good work.

The Franciscan spirit in all this, we believe the reader will agree, lies not only in the feeding of the hungry, but also in the fact that no questions are asked. Herein is expressed a love of the Creator Who in turn loved men so that He said, "Whatever you do for the least one of these, you do for me." From this springs one of the subtlest courtesies of the Faith. Charity is done for a common Father, which impersonalizes the act and makes the recipient feel no possibly demeaning human obligation. He is merely receiving the care and consideration which his eternal Father has promised him, if he will but ask. From a more worldly point of view, it may be pointed out that twelve hundred men a day, not counting the baskets of provisions for women and children, is quite a sizable proportion of the unemployed for one local Catholic enterprise to care for.

Feeding the hungry is of course nothing new nor is it exceptional. There are also the sick, both in body and in spirit, who constantly receive the practical ministrations of the Church. For 700 years, all over the world, the Orders of St. Francis have been ministering to the poor with an unmatched sweetness of humility and cheerfulness.

To those who are familiar with these things, there can be little wonder that Pope Leo XIII said, "My plan of social reform is the Third Order of St. Francis." Certainly this order offers a most practical means for applying the principles of social justice between capital and labor. Without upsetting the established and effective means for producing the commodities of this world, it unites men in a brotherhood of high spiritual aims. On this plane, social justice is obvious and impelling. It becomes then a work of love, rather than a struggle or a rigid system for the distribution of worldly goods.

The stirrings of the impulse for social justice in the Church are we confidently believe one of the main hopes for peace in the world, for the uniting of men in mutual good-will. The constant aliveness of the Church in the great convocations it holds, besides the numbers who attend daily Mass and crowd the churches, not once, but from early in the morning almost every hour until noon on Sundays and holy days, is evidence of its eternal and effective power. Typical of these convocations will be the forthcoming international pilgrimage to Rome to honor the fortieth anniversary of Pope Leo's encyclical on the condition of labor. A group will leave New York on April 29 and will join with other national groups in Rome where a special Mass at the Basilica of St. John Lateran will be offered and a commemorative tablet unveiled at the monument of Pope Leo. On the anniversary of the encyclical, May 15, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI will celebrate Mass for the delegates in honor of the occasion and later receive them in audience in the Vatican.

In this country the Third Order of St. Francis will hold its third national convention this summer, August 9 to 12, at San Francisco. Numbering over one hundred thousand members in the United States and Canada, this order will supply another testimonial of the uniting force of its faith, both in the present and through the centuries, as all those of its members who can will meet in scenes which still bear beautiful traces of the early Franciscan Padres.

In all these things we see the bulwark of the Faith against civil, or class, warfare, in its work not only for the immaterial things of the spirit but also for practical and immediate care of the needy and those of unequal strength and means in the struggle for a livelihood. And it is a bulwark, we have found, that all sober-minded men and women, seeing the plain evidence, admire and appreciate, whether or not they are able to appreciate the central flame of Divine Love.

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MUNICH: ANNO DOMINI 1931

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

We never cease to assert our faith, though sometimes the voice grows weary and feeble; then, when we have a realist worthy of the name who can see a people in the round, who can give not the one dimension of a theory, but the myriad facets of life, and the depth of associations with past ages, then happily our hope and resolution are renewed. Munich, we have always observed, is a city that inspires affection. Here are reasons and better than reasons, suggestions why. We are introduced to a little universe, glimpse kindliness, fortitude, the diversity of ways, and our own affection is touched.—The Editors.

EVEN under more troubled skies than prevailed during most of the years of the long Wittelsbach sovereignty, Munich is not without its singular charm, to which the native surrenders almost more completely than the alien. For this city is less like a climate than like a convergence of climates. One must come to understand the elements, and then the blend. . . . The old reigning house loved the Italian South quite as did the common folk. It is as important to notice that every little village and cloister for miles round has its church decked out in Baroque magnificence as it is to observe that the houses on the Leopold Strasse ape Florence's aristocratic ways. The name of the city's greatest composer—and Munich has always been passionately fond of music—is still Orlando di Lasso, whose Masses are probably lovelier than Palestrina's own. Nowhere else in the northland is the burgher's delight in the Renaissance so many hundred years old. Even so, the Bavarian never truly surrendered to the South. It is not of his essence to quaff the nectar of *dolce far niente* or to understand the formbound Latin style. Indeed, for all the Münchener's exquisite natural graciousness, it is only a thin froth which rises above his earnest self in even the merriest hours. Introspective Northern habits work themselves out in his bravados, his ideals, his art.

I asked a carpenter there to make a chest for me. It was to be of stout, plain wood, able to bear the weight—literal and figurative—of accumulated German books. He accepted the request in much the same spirit as a good-humored princess might deign to receive a random visitor. Something in his bow almost led me to fear there might prevail in this shop the customs of the confoundedly amiable Milanesi, who promise to deliver a freshly pressed suit to you in half an hour and then forget all about it during three days. But there was my chest waiting for me at the appointed time, sturdily equipped with gigantic wrought-iron hinges, welded together with nails, screws and glue enough to withstand even the baggage masters of Chicago—a kind of work of art withal, to which this worthy soul had devoted much thought and many hours.

Is this honest carpenter typical? The best of us can, on such occasions, speak only impressionistically. Modestly I venture to think so. Take, for example, Munich methods of prayer and study, which have always belonged together since Benedictines first began to indulge in libraries. Nowhere else probably is religious worship surrounded with so much radiant loveliness. Whether it be a communion Mass in the chapel of the Benedictines of St. Ottilie, where black-robed monks sit in the choir and chant the Gregorian texts, or a solemn Mass in the cathedral where gorgeous cadences entwine and unwind themselves, as much art is here as these people can give. But one is always miles away from a pageant or a theatre. Thousands upon thousands of people praying their hearts out, draining every word in their missals as if the holy liturgy were a cup the very last drop of which had an unusual potency! And sermons. . . . There is the Jesuit, Father Lippert, for example, speaking almost as simply as a peasant, but with a wonderful, sacred simplicity, perennially conscious of mysteries loftier than all our words. Or the cardinal himself, commenting on a Psalm with austere learning which yet always manages, in one way or another, to seem as limpid and easy as a parable. Great orators? Probably not. One never seems to get in Munich that final perfection of form which depends upon a realization of completeness. The Northern mind clings, perhaps, to a perennial awareness of that which cannot be formed—that block of the inward and the unknown which resists every chisel and pattern as stubbornly as a mountain of primeval granite. Nor can you find here the striking cleanness of French outlines, those intuitions in silhouette to which a mind submits so definitely because they are themselves the best achievements of the mind.

And study, or creative thinking? Germany is seething everywhere just now with a kind of mediaeval dissatisfaction. New ideas, visions, philosophies on all sides—so many of them they get in one another's way and sometimes indulge in intellectual free-for-alls as desperate as the illustrious campaign of the Kilkenny kittens. By comparison Munich is leisurely and conservative. That keen-witted Jesuit, Father Przywara, accuses it lustily of matrimonial connections with museums—wherein there may be concealed a geography of Bavarian mind rather than a justifiable critique of it. Munich's function in Germany is rather one of contemplation, perhaps, not of initiative. The city might be defined as the best place on earth to write one's memoirs or those of the human race. . . . Anyhow, my wish here is to admire the way in which the Munich mind does what it likes to, just as my carpenter obviously did what he liked to.

You go up a fairly rickety flight of stairs to the rooms of dear old Monsignor Grabmann, known every-

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where in the world for his researches into the history of Thomism and kindred forms of mediaeval thought. There is the simplest, sincerest kindliness for your welcome in a study piled high with books, mansuscripts, periodicals, to which an antiquated housekeeper brings a pot of tea and the necessary cups. You discover that the monsignor is well aware of everything said or done in connection with the culture of the middle ages in the United States, and grateful for any little additional thing you may tell him. But at the same time you meet a frank, unhampered scientific spirit, convinced that what is necessary now is not the mere acceptance of Thomistic maxims but the act of wrestling with modern knowledge freely and vigorously, as Aquinas reckoned with the accumulated sciences of his own time. (There will be more about Dr. Grabmann on a later occasion.) This combination of unassuming ways, rugged desire to advance and scrupulous research seems characteristic of the whole German South, now struggling against odds to keep the flame of a great cultural center glowing brightly as ever.

The existence of such odds is one reason why Munich is so deeply interested in the United States. Nor is this concern by any means primarily a desire to secure financial assistance from occasional wealthy philanthropists. It is true there have been notable benefactions, to the Deutsches Museum and other institutions. But from the mayor on down, the city's citizens are first of all out to maintain its reputation as a home of learning and art. This, they feel, is now largely dependent on the attitude taken by traveling foreigners, particularly Americans. Accordingly Munich has taken great public and private pains to provide touristic conveniences, and in this respect is probably the model city of Europe. But still other things are being done. Professor Berberich, director of the universally famous cathedral choir, told me most unostentatiously that he had given up summer vacations because it was so important to let guests from other countries see the best Munich was capable of giving. A still better illustration comes to mind. Owing to some assistance given by THE COMMONWEAL to a delegation which visited the United States on behalf of the projected University of Salzburg, I was cordially greeted on my arrival by officers of the Akademiker Verband (which is the association of Catholic professors and scholars), and invited to deliver a short address. To my great astonishment—and discomfiture—both Cardinal Faulhaber and the mayor appeared at the meeting. His Eminence wished, of course, to show his interest in American Catholicism and his desire to foster helpful relations between it and the Church in Bavaria.

There are many reasons why Munich is now struggling hard. First of all, economic laws have had their telling effect in Bavaria, too. Thousands upon thousands of unemployed and chronically poor families, many of whom now receive their daily bread through charitable organizations, tax the city's resources, reduce the sums expendible for cultural enterprises, and foster unrest. It is now the custom for relatively well-to-do families to invite poor children for the midday meal; and thousands of households now make room for these little guests in Christ's name. Above and apart from such matters, however, are larger political trends and developments at which all Bavaria looks with anxiety. To begin with, the conflict between those who would unify the Deutsches Reich and those who (with the Bavarians) adhere to a decentralized administration and government. Since 1919, when the new constitution went into effect, power has visibly shifted away from the provinces to Berlin. This also implies, for more reasons than one, a comparatively greater supply of funds for schools, theatres and art institutions in the capital city than can be raised elsewhere. Finally in a nation like modern Germany, where everybody is running against a handicap, a form of life which awards the primacy to action must triumph over one in which the chief emphasis is laid on contemplation.

Thus the political currents in present-day Bavaria can be watched with engrossment by a random spectator. The major party is the Catholic Bavarian People's party, an offshoot from the Center party with which it generally votes on issues of importance. But why the distinction? Essentially it marks an enduring protest against the stand taken by Erzberger and the Prussian Centrists on such questions as centralized taxation. Then, too, the Bavarian group is probably more conservative in its attitude toward social problems than is Catholic Germany as a whole. Viewed from Berlin, the situation seems to be a case of dice loaded against Bavaria. Its representatives in the Reichstag give the impression of being something like wayward boys trudging along unwillingly beside their mother. They do not attain to national political prominence and savor a little of last-ditchiness. But when one gets to Munich, one is less sure of the rightness of these impressions. While it seems hardly certain even there "federalism" in Germany today isn't a lost cause, one comes to see that it is worth fighting for. Granted a first-rate political leader, what is now a stubborn defensive operation might turn into a brilliant attack. At least one thinks so. And certainly a Reich minus its sovereignly free and independent cities, or dominated too noticeably by Berlin, would be a far less attractive place than the one you and I may now visit.

Nor can we forget that Munich is, after all, the home of Herr Hitler. This is one of those curious phenomena no foreigner can hope to understand—and which the diversity of German views on the subject hardly helps him understand. But the facts are clear. Here, in the immediate neighborhood of General Ludendorff and his inestimable spouse, the Hitler ideas were concocted, the Hitler "Putsch" of long ago was attempted, the eminent philosophers of Hitlerdom were assembled. The leading organ of the party is edited and published here, to the great delight of numerous striplings aged twenty who apparently feel that "Pippa Passes" can be read with assent only after

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a good fight—with somebody or other. Hitlerism's exceedingly problematical character is, at all events, more obvious in Munich than elsewhere. The great man himself condescendingly appeared there during my stay, and argued before a huge assembly that, since Germany could only be saved if it did what he said, the time had come to take advantage of the occasion. The man has something of genius. Utterly fearless, a brilliant speaker, he is equipped with ideas of about the same value as those which form the stock-in-trade of the average United States senator. What Germany needs is a few dozen Hitlers, so that the novelty of one will wear off. After a few more years of democracy, the present dearth will presumably disappear.

Yet it is important to note that Hitlerism does make a profound appeal to something in a myriad breasts. It plays a tune to which thousands are glad to dance. This is fundamentally not morbid; and the merely moral effect of the discipline imposed in the name of the party is, for the moment at least, rather salutary. When one looks more closely, however, one sees that the codex of its law is a series of oppositions—I had almost said, a series of protestantisms—antagonism to the rest of the world, to the Jews, the ruminative intellect, diplomacy, banks, other party philosophies. Therefore, by a kind of law of its being, Hitlerism is anti-Catholic—anti-clerical—in Bavaria. During the "Putsch" it besmirched the archepiscopal palace, harassed Benedictines, and in general gave the Church no reason for viewing it with a benignant eye. To some extent this feeling may be attributed to the fact that the reigning political party is the Catholic party. But there are deeper forces at work. Are they akin to the fiercely nationalistic energies which made for religious antipathies and group wars throughout the post-mediaeval centuries? The question is earnest. We shall hope that the answer, when given, will be less so.

CANON BARRY

By JOSEPH H. McMAHON

IN THE passing of Dr. Barry at the advanced age of eighty-one, the English world of letters has lost an important figure, and the Catholic Church in England one that was unique. In realizing his determination to become a litterateur, he departed from the usual path of the Catholic priest in our English-speaking countries. Catholic priests can and do become men of letters where, as in Continental countries, priests are numerous, and where for the greater part they are free from the irksome burdens of parochial ministry. This in our English-speaking countries is, perhaps, more burdensome than it is in those other lands. It is a constant round of sick calls, confessions, preaching, together with the necessity of serving as counselor, lawyer, economist, medical adviser even, not to speak of the more sordid occupations, often menial, always those of a man of business. In so busy a life there is little room for the *otium cum dignitate* associated, for instance, with the Anglican ministry.

This is especially true of the Catholic priest "on the mission" in England. The division of labor, the manner of "working" a parish, would discourage the ordinary man from even considering a literary career in connection with his strictly priestly labors. It is a special vocation, and to it as a very young priest Dr. Barry felt called. It took complete possession of him and he never faltered until he had achieved his dream. So thoroughly did he become a recognized man of letters while remaining at the same time a hard-working priest that I believe he occupies a position truly unique.

His life in a way was uneventful. Born in London of Irish parents, he was educated at Oscott where he began his theological studies. From there he went to the venerable English College at Rome. He had the good fortune to sit under truly great masters at the Gregorian, among them, Franzelin, Tarquini and Perrone. The Vatican Council, with its seething intrigues and passionate debates ending in the proclamation of the dogma of infallibility, occurred during his stay in Rome. He witnessed the tragedy of September 20, 1870, but happily lived to see its dramatic sequel in the signing last year of the Lateran Pact. On returning to England after a short missionary experience, he was designated vice-president and professor of philosophy at the newly opened college at Olton, a school very dear to its founder, Bishop Ullathorne. The formal opening occasioned the first essay of Dr. Barry in Catholic journalism. It took place in October, 1873, and was made memorable by a sermon from Dr. Newman.

There can be no question of Barry's hero worship of the great Newman. And not even the charming essay on Newman, which he wrote in 1904, reveals his regard better than the address written by Barry and presented to the cardinal on his first visit to Oscott after his elevation:

> When we recall the steadfast faith that has marked you out as a prophet of this distracted age, and the wide and tender sympathies that in Your Eminence have transfigured zeal to the excellence of a patient all-Christian love, we must indeed look up to you as to one admirable in strength and gentleness. Whose thought has been a consecration, lifting him into a sphere apart, yet drawing him strangely closer to the affection of all. . . . And we cannot but remember that more than once Your Eminence has bestowed a grace upon our college, whether at your first coming into the Church. . . . or at the Synod of Oscott, in that memorable prophecy of the Second Spring now enshrined in our literature, or at the grave of Dr. Weedall, when we heard again those utterances that have

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so musically wrought upon the ear of England. Nor can we refrain from hoping that those outside the Church may see in the royal dye of empire and martyrdom the meaning that Your Eminence gave it long ago in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oscott ("Memories and Opinions," page 130).

Barry's devotion to Newman (it does not appear that they ever met personally) enabled him also to render the great cardinal a distinct service which earned for himself a most flattering encomium. Principal Fairbairn, a noted Congregationalist minister, whom Barry describes as "both learned and candid," but whose article in the *Contemporary Review* of May, 1885, attacking Newman as a "sceptic," the latter describes as "puzzle-headed," had been answered (*Contemporary Review,* October, 1885) by the cardinal. He, however, hesitated because of his advanced age and exalted dignity to reply to Dr. Fairbairn's rejoinder which repeated more distinctly the charge of scepticism and which apparently called for an answer to satisfy Catholic readers. The cardinal's dilemma was removed by Dr. Barry:

> Already a Catholic theological professor of eminence, who had previously criticized some of Newman's writing, had now written enthusiastically in his defense in the *Contemporary Review* itself (Ward, "Life of Newman," volume II, page 508).

Newman, writing to Lord Blachford to whose judgment in the matter he deferred, thus acknowledged his indebtedness to Barry:

> The only point I feel is the chance of scandals, i.e., putting myself out of line with Catholic thought. A very clever and learned theologian has just been defending me with great eulogy in the *Contemporary* against Dr. Fairbairn, acknowledging at the same time that I sometimes say startling things. It is not very long since he wrote an unfavorable critique upon something I said, and from his reputation I think it will do me a great deal of good (Ward, ibid., page 510).

Barry evidently thought that praise from Sir Hubert was praise indeed:

> My article made a stir, and the great Oratorian himself, who was acquainted with my name, wrote me an autograph letter (he was in his eighty-fourth year), etc. ("Memories and Opinions," page 177).

And again on receiving news of Newman's death, he writes:

> How did it affect me? I have said it; as if my bright particular star had vanished out of the firmament. He had been gracious in speaking of me as "a very clever and learned theologian," and "one whose reputation," said this most unassuming of cardinals, "will, I think, do me a great deal of good." I had removed any necessity of his answering Dr. Fairbairn in the *Contemporary*—or indeed anywhere else. Moreover his few notes to me, though brief, were on a key of sympathy which wanted only occasion to reveal how profoundly I venerated such a master (ibid., page 188).

In passing, it may be remarked that Dr. Barry either did not know (which is unlikely since he had read about the Fairbairn episode in Ward) or did not appreciate the fact that Newman's second article on Fairbairn was actually published but for private circulation only.

I have been at pains to set forth thus fully this incident for several reasons: First, it exhibits our author fully recognized in the English literary Pantheon, for to have access so easily to the *Contemporary* showed that he had "arrived"; secondly, for sheer delight in being behind the scenes in one of the intellectual combats of which so many were waged in that interesting nineteenth century; thirdly, because it vividly reminds one of the literary life which Thackeray so fascinatingly depicts in "Pendennis"; and, fourthly, because it is an unconscious revelation of what, later, we shall see was a dominant characteristic of the man.

To return now after this long but not inapposite digression to the thread of our story. While at Olton (1875) Barry broke into the *Dublin* with the kindly aid of Dr. Northcote. This, his first published essay, was named "The Modern Idea," and was an answer to the challenge of Strauss, author of the notorious "Life of Jesus," who in a second book had maintained what we of today are hearing *ad nauseam,* namely, that no cultivated man could be a Christian. In his "Memories and Opinions" (page 112), Dr. Barry leaves us under no illusions as to the success of his first venture. Dr. Ward's answer

> came signifying not only acceptance but admiration. . . . The honor of opening the review was given to me. Nor can there be a doubt that my article made a sensation, not only among readers of the *Dublin* but in wider circles, as a striking piece of literature, not seldom found among Dr. Ward's serious lucubrations, and appealing to a larger audience.

Entrée having thus been secured, he scored success after success until he could write:

> I now had the *Dublin* as a free estate, where I could take up as much room as I chose (ibid., page 115).

An intimate friendship sprang up between Dr. Ward and himself. It is delightful to read about it in the naive pages of "Memories and Opinions." One wonders whether such charming literary associations exist today. Oscott, to which college Barry was transferred as professor of divinity, proved to be a fertile field for his development as a litterateur. Oxford and Rome became dream cities in his imagination. He dwelt with the gods in high Olympus. Those of us the major part of whose lives was spent in the nineteenth century, can be delighted with the glimpses we get in Barry's writings of the battles fought in the high intellectual circles when rationalism was battering at the fundamentals of philosophy and religion. The names are scarcely known to the present generation, faced with an entirely new set of problems. But we of the older generation can be stirred by the record of the literary contributions of one of the champions.

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On leaving Oscott after three years of teaching and study, Barry was able by making judicious contacts mainly through W. S. Lilly, to meet editors, publishers, and men and women of letters. The result was that he became a contributor to the *Contemporary Review,* and thus entered into the company of that great galaxy of critics and writers that dominated English letters for a whole century, and whose quarterlies are only now ceasing to be the channels through which the intellectual world of England found its highest expression.

I have not space to follow him in detail as he climbed to the heights of Parnassus. His literary output was amazing—summarily: eighty essays in various periodicals; "The New Antigone" (1887), "The Two Standards" (1898), "Arden Massiter" (1900), "The Wizard's Knot" (1901), "The Dayspring" (1903)—five romantic novels of three-volume size; "The Papal Monarchy" (1902); "Newman" (1904); "Heralds of Revolt" (1904), mainly essays reprinted; "Renan" (1905); "The Tradition of Scripture" (1906); "The World's Debate" (1923); "Memories and Opinions" (1926); "The Triumph of Life" (1928); "The Catholic Revival (1929); "The Coming Age and the Catholic Church" (1930).

More amazing than the quantity (of the quality I shall speak later) is the fact that it grew, developed amid scenes and in occupations that Barry himself has most aptly described when writing of his first mission at Wolverhampton:

> Whilst making many friends in the Dantean regions of smoke and flame on which we looked down from Snow Hill, I was like the poet, a pilgrim rather than a denizen of this dark realm. The district assigned to me was "residential and respectable"; yet I recall to mind one foul spot . . . which afforded me risky adventures of climbing up to garrets, where I should find the sick waiting for a priest to comfort and absolve them ("Memories and Opinions," page 146).

The titles above enumerated easily fall into distinct categories: fiction, history, theology, philosophy, letters. In each field the performance is masterly. I recall the sensation caused by "The New Antigone," published anonymously. But as in most cases, the anonymity was pseudo. It was currently reported that the author was a Catholic priest. Heads were shaken in deprecation, tongues pronounced dour judgments, gossip prepared for the thunder-bolts of authority which, however, were never launched. The hidebound conservatives shook their heads over the passionate plea for economic justice to the poor. But most criticism, at least in this country, was leveled at the intimate knowledge of human love displayed by the celibate writer. It came evidently to Barry's ears for he takes occasion to exlain by eulogizing his mother.

To the present writer, "The Two Standards" is the best of the five novels, and it is a work of absorbing interest. It displays the author at his best and exhibits his wide range of accomplishments as well as his intimate knowledge of human life and character of every sort. The knowledge of music shown is amazing when one considers the status of the author. To bring off successfully both the description of the opera and likewise the austerity of the meditation on the two standards given to monks in the course of a retreat is really a *tour de force.* Far different from the novels of today with their obsession of sex, these have a healthy tone and are stimulating artistically. It is interesting to note, therefore, that they still circulate widely, if the circulating library copies before me are an indication.

The historical books are useful as a summary of the Papacy; but necessarily facts are so crowded as to leave one confused—it is all done so breathlessly. The usual complaint about books written by Catholics dealing with the Papacy is that they rather gloss over the horrors of the ninth and tenth centuries, and minimize the indiscretions of the Renaissance period; the aim is edification rather than historical truth. Not so in these little volumes. Rather it would seem that the shadows are unduly stressed to the detriment of the lights. I may be mistaken but I am inclined to think that one rises from a perusal of the episodic struggle between Gregory VII and Henry with a strong feeling of sympathy with the latter shivering in his shift in the snow at Canossa, and the impression that Gregory is enjoying a comfortable siesta indoors. It is possible to sit up so straight sometimes as to lean backward.

Simply amazing is the grasp on world politics revealed in "The World's Debate" and "The Catholic Church and the Modern Age." These should live for their valuable information on facts largely unknown to the present generation, and only to be found after much research.

"The Tradition of Scripture" will always be a safe and sane text for the intelligent reader. It sets forth the fundamental principles in a readable fashion. But scriptural study is so kaleidoscopic that books that are up to the minute are apt to obscure those of older date.

Delightful are the two sketches of Newman and Renan, both sympathetic and full of understanding. That of the French stylist will be a surprise to those who have only heard his name damned in the heat of polemics. Barry's treatment will simply present another paradox to prove the truth of the Scriptural text: "The spirit bloweth where it listeth."

It will be a pity if the really fine articles such as those collected in "Heralds of Revolt," pass into oblivion. Surely if we are ever delivered from the nightmare of the present-day product of litterateurs, and the great names of English literature in the nineteenth century and some of those in Continental letters come again into their own, Dr. Barry's splendid, erudite, searching, appreciative essays will be held in high esteem. What a gallery! George Eliot, Carlyle, Heine, Loti, Inglesant, Pater, Symonds, Nietzsche—names, unfortunately, unknown to most of the present generation, but names to conjure with when one wishes to interpret the present in its preparation in the past.

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And what shall we say of the man? It is a pity, in my judgment, that he ever was advised to publish "Memories and Opinions," from which I have quoted so freely. It is a case of wearing one's heart on the sleeve for daws to peck at. I scarcely know how to characterize the intimate revelations that abound in it. Are they the evidence of egoism or vanity? So naive are they that one is forced to class them with the simplicity of childhood. Spiritual writers tell us that a man's character can be shown by the way in which he accepts praise from others. Clergymen are the recipients of so much adulation that they are often put to a severe test. Many shake it off as harmlessly as ducks shake off the glistening water drops. Others seem to drink it in, like it and apparently believe it all. It is not too much to say that Dr. Barry could fall under the latter classification. What, for instance, can one make of the following?

> I, myself, for instance, with whom learning was a passion and language came easy, should . . . have been trained for what is called "a Public Act," the greatest distinction any student in the Eternal City could achieve. Why did I not boldly offer the suggestion to our good rector? (page 100).

Dr. Barry's biographer will not be left in any doubt as to his subject's opinion of himself and his writings. Of "The New Antigone" he writes:

> The London papers praised but did not (do they now?) comprehend. The *Times,* while acknowledging a master's hand, etc. (page 182).

He has this to says of "The Two Standards":

> I would have this book regarded as my verdict on modern society, its finance, art, social ethics, when put under Christian observation. A reviewer called it "the most ambitious book that had appeared for years," he acknowledged in it "elements of greatness," and that it was "seething with life" . . . [It] rose above stories of the season by purpose and execution. Its language called forth praise and no small wonder (page 213).

How shall the following citations be classified?

> On our landing at Patras, a rather pretty thing happened. One of the passengers, a clergyman, approached me, and lifting his hat courteously, inquired my name. I told him. "Ah," he said, " 'The New Antigone!' " Those were the first words addressed to me on the soil of Hellas! (page 226).
>
> My "Heralds of Revolt" is a work of Catholic criticism, I dare to say, which challenges attention with Macaulay or John Morley, while having a far wider outlook than either (page 234).
>
> I am inclined to believe that as a work of art, in substance and style, nothing I have attempted, except perhaps "The Wizard's Knot," is quite equal to my "Renan," which I call my Hermes of Praxiteles—a single figure, well-nigh faultlessly drawn. To this consummation of a happy union of motive-powers lent its aid. With Newman I had very little in common; but with Renan how many things, despite the unlikeness of our final attitude! To begin with, as he was a Breton and a Gascon, so was I a Celt and Old-Norman. Of English relations we neither had a single one. This combination bestowed on him a sort of affinity with idealism, a gift of refined rhetoric, and other qualities which set him apart from the crowd forever. I will not claim more than my due; it is certainly enough for resemblance. Again we took all prizes possible in our respective schools. . . . Renan was by instinct a master of language; he made science and philosophy human, as full of charm as they were deep and subtle. In this, too, we were not altogether unlike (pages 239-240).

Perhaps it were more kindly to have thrown a mantle over this amazing volume of self-revelation. More generous and just was the presentation of Canon Barry so feelingly made by the preacher at his largely attended funeral. Therein a side of his character was revealed which certainly does not appear in his writings. And, in conclusion, let me quote the verdict of a competent critic, Mr. Walter Burgess:

> On the whole, Dr. William Barry's compositions appeal to the initiated. They suppose in the reader not only culture but a European outlook; and it may well be that a certain universality of view, long attributed to Goethe, is discernible in these meditative pages. . . . The amazing and, indeed, unique versatility of these books has never been adequately appreciated.

These words, written by a poet and a scholar, will leave a pleasant taste.

First Robin

Strange, in the hush of snow to see
A crimson breasted robin sit
Upon the silver frozen tree.

He springs and flies from branch to branch,
And every time his dark wings flit,
Down comes a tiny avalanche.

He voices no astonishment
At such a cold and glittering world,
No cry of protest or dissent.

Is there no turmoil in his breast,
Remembering the green leaves curled
About his rocking, springtime nest?

Remembering a fragrant storm,
Half April rain, half cherry flowers,
That drenched the earth, yet left it warm;

Remembering suns like daffodils
That gleamed through the allotted hours,
And withered on the evening hills?

But easily and unconcerned,
He moves within the silver tree
As though his breast were flame and burned,

A rumor of untided springs;
And all the dark air suddenly
Throngs with innumerable wings.

MAIRE NIC PILIP.

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THE UNEMPLOYMENT PUZZLE

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

AS THE years slide by, I find myself more and more convinced that there is nothing new under the sun. Then as if bent upon uprooting my conviction, an airplane goes buzzing across the sky. As the dusk comes on, I switch on the electric light and sit down to my typewriter, and as I do so a little whisper in my ear inquires if I really do believe that these things ever were before. And as if to cap the climax, I read in daily papers and magazines again and again, that in order to put an end to unemployment and hard times, every one of us should spend lavishly whatever we have or can borrow. Airplanes and electric lights may possibly be just a recurrence from long-forgotten ages, but it is difficult to believe that until the year 1930, anyone ever conceived the idea of applying extravagance as a remedy for privation. The matter-of-fact minds of former years have, I think, depended more on observation than on theory, and observation clearly goes to show that periods of privation have always followed years of extravagance, just as times of prosperity have followed long years of thrift, and the natural conclusion would seem to be that in both cases, cause precedes effect. But then times of famine in the past seemed always to follow crop failure due to drought or excessive rainfall; while the puzzling thing about the present era of hard times is that it is unquestionably owing to overabundance of almost everything, together with excessive cost of distribution.

A load of potatoes, taking one season with another, if sent by truck or rail from Maine to Massachusetts, will, after all cost of transportation is paid, buy not more than one-half as much in the way of dry goods, groceries and coal, as it would in the old days when hauled all the way by horses, and only one-third as much as when hauled by oxen in still earlier times. Apples picked and sorted have been selling on the farm this season at an average price of twenty-five cents per bushel, while in the towns the price has been $2.50. From my well loaded orchard of twenty-five trees I got less than $100.00 worth, but half a century ago my grandfather sold $200.00 worth of apples picked from two trees.

Farmers hereabouts have been selling fat cows to the dealers at two cents a pound live weight and buying the cheaper cuts at retail for fifty cents. Beef, mutton and pork, dressed and sold locally, net the farmer more satisfactory returns. Twenty-five years ago, when fat cows brought the farmer twice as much as the dealers offer now, the horse-drawn butcher's cart was retailing rump steak at eighteen cents, round steak at twelve and chuck at eight.

Only a small fraction of the extra cost, however, can be laid on transportation, for while horse-power is found to be somewhat cheaper for short hauls, it is more expensive than trucking when there are many miles to be covered. If horses could be trusted to reach their destination without a driver, then horse-power would be much the cheapest, but the driver's time is valuable and a truck's speed saves more than enough of it to cover its own cost of running. It costs twice as much to deliver milk by truck at the railroad station five miles away as it did when hauled by horses ten years ago, but when sent the fifty miles to Boston by truck the cost is less than it was when taken to the station and loaded on the train.

The steadily increasing difference between prices on the farm and in the city has kept even pace with the rise in wages, and it seems pretty safe to conclude that there the reason lies. When one particular group receives a raise in wages, that group gets practically full benefit of every extra dollar paid them; while the rest of the world, by dividing up the cost, experiences but an insignificant rise in cost of living. But when wages and salaries are increased to all, the only benefit received is that little which can be wrung from those who do not work: those of the wealthy class who do not choose to; the sick and aged who cannot work and have no wage-earning relatives to support them; and the unemployed. Minus this small amount, the cost of living for the workers rises as their wages rise. Every extra cent paid to the man who wields a pick, or to the government official at Washington must be added in some way to the cost of what we buy.

The amount of $1,000.00 paid out of city or government funds for public improvement or construction increases taxes in like proportion, and higher taxes mean higher rent and prices everywhere, and $1,000.00 nowadays paid to the workmen and foremen, accomplishes but little more than $100.00 did when workmen reckoned wages at $1.00 a day. If everyone of us could be guaranteed $25.00 for a day's work, and the hours of work be shortened just enough to avoid overproduction, that $25.00 would purchase just as much and no more than the average working wage today.

Just now agriculture appears to be the only avocation of any size which is conspicuously underpaid, and if the farmer who now works for fifteen cents an hour, should be paid at the same rate as those who pass his products along to the consumer, the cost of food would have to go up accordingly. If the farmers all over the land hired more help, and in order to avoid overproduction, kept one-half the extra help employed in marketing their crops direct to the consumer, producer and consumer might be benefited, but a lot of middlemen would be thrown out of work. Government funds spent in the way of drainage, irrigation or any other form of reclaiming waste land, while giving temporary employment to one group, mean future unemployment

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for a still larger group by adding their quota to the overproduction. Government work of this sort hits the farmer worst of all: one blow by overproduction and another by increased taxes of which he pays more than his share.

One spring not many years ago I decided to plant less and to spend my spare time repainting my own buildings, dwelling-house, sheds, corn rick and barn. In doing so I was guilty of depriving skilled labor of just so much work, but was giving just an equal amount of work into the hands of other farmers and their hired help. Then the assessors called and raised the valuation of my newly painted buildings, and my tax bills have been just so much higher ever since.

In spite of all we hear concerning unemployment, it is difficult to get anyone to do ordinary housework, though food, lodging and reasonable pay are offered; and the same is true of farm work. A neighbor tells me that only the other night he was waiting his turn in the barber's shop when a farmer came in and asked if anyone there was looking for a job. He had a large field of cabbages which must be harvested before the ground froze and offered $3.00 for a twelve-hour day, almost twice what he himself could reckon for each day of his own season's work. Only one of the loafers responded, saying that he had been out of work for months, but would continue in idleness rather than work for less than $4.00 a day.

One man in this same town applied for help from the town as he could no longer get trusted for food and fuel. The selectmen went to his house and found conditions there just as he had described them but told him that they did not feel justified in drawing on the town funds in his case until he had sold his car. This he refused to do, as he did not wish to be obliged to walk to his work in case he found any. Cases like this however are probably only a small minority.

Many there are who after years of specialized work seem actually unable to apply themselves to work of another sort, and those who attempt it prove most unsatisfactory help for a time at least. My neighbor engaged three young men who had just been thrown out of work by the shutting down of a shoe factory, and as he was not ready to begin haying at the time, turned them over to me. When we started work in my hay field I felt helpless in trying to show them what to do. The hay which they attempted to pitch on the cart was scattered and had to be raked up again. One man is supposed to stow away the hay on the mow, while two pitch off the load, but in this instance I kept two on the mow while I pitched the hay up to them, and even then had to climb up the ladder from time to time and help them stow away, as neither of them dared to approach the front edge of the mow for fear of sliding off down onto the barn floor. When my haying was done at last, they went to work for the neighbor who had first engaged them, and he thanked me later for teaching them how to work, saying that they were by that time really quite efficient helpers.

The authors of "Riotous Saving," in the November *Atlantic Monthly,* appear to defend luxury on the assumption that we cannot have too much of a good thing, like the old Indian chief who declared that "too much rum is just enough"; when as a matter of fact the very best things are often the most easily turned to evil by overindulgence. Poverty is bad, but luxury is worse, and by luxury is meant, not simply abundance, but abundance where it leads to idleness and sloth.

Great men have been born of families that for generations have suffered hardship and scanty fare; while men of character and refinement above the average are not so very infrequent from such a source. Great men and men of creative ability as well as culture perhaps more often spring from wealthy families, but from families of wealth and idleness combined—who can name an instance?

The proposed five-hour day would be ideal if it did not lead to the spending of the remainder of the day in idleness, as seems too often to be the case. Ten hours of unvarying work each day is bad for both mind and body, but five hours work and the rest of the day in idleness is worse. If the routine worker at the end of his five hours could plan for another five hours' work of an entirely different sort—even though it paid but a small fraction of present-day wages would not matter, so long as some sort of skill or creative ability were required in its accomplishment—then the shortened day at routine work would be an unquestioned blessing. Amateur sports of almost any kind might well be counted in this list, but not idle attendance while others carry on the game.

Any feasible remedy for unemployment would be a priceless gift to humanity, and it is no wonder that the search for such a remedy takes strange forms at times. But that slipshod form of optimism which goes on shouting day after day that business is looking up and good times are close at hand, and that if we only spend everything we have all will be well, can only bring that bitter disappointment which would come to one who, reading that the date of spring's arrival is here, goes for a walk in a late March snowstorm, lightly clad.

The Launching of a Ship

The stalwart sound of mauls all winter long
Rang sturdily in chorus, till one day
The scaffolding and frames were stripped away,
And there she stood as graceful as a song,
Yet with her bluff, square bow, less graceful than strong,
Fanned by the restless breezes of late May,
Above the hush of an anticipant throng
Poised till she plunge into the rustling bay.
With her slow pride of queenly dignity,
At last she started down the sloping ways,
And as she moved there came a shout of praise
That had two thousand voices' unity,
From men who, having no other poetry,
Made her as strong a song as men need raise.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

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AN OVERSEAS HEADACHE

By MAURICE L. AHERN

ONCE upon a time there were silent motion pictures. Most of the world's millions loved them, but none more devotedly than those who did not understand the English language. The silver screen was the most truly international entity on the face of the earth.

In those dear dead days American producing companies regarded the revenue from markets overseas very reverently. To some it was the dividend payer. For others it represented the difference between red ink and black in the consolidated balance sheet. To all it was vitally necessary. And there hovered over it an aura of permanency.

Alien competition was practically non-existent. The best of the world's available talent in acting, directing, writing and scenic designing had gravitated to the golden hills of Hollywood where 90 percent of the technical experience and unquestionably the finest facilities were already located. The extent of the Yankee monoply can best be gaged from the fact that up to two years ago in some foreign countries no motion picture had ever been made. In most of the others the output was so amtaeurish and desultory that their own theatre owners turned from it in disgust and concentrated on the California pictures which their public knew and liked.

Some of the larger countries attempted to halt the career of the American juggernaut. England, France, Sweden, Italy and the Russian Soviet produced many pictures, but attained for them only an occasional home success and hardly any overseas business. They just didn't have the knack. The Germans alone gained a slender foothold abroad, because they most closely approximated successful American production methods. The Teuton craftsmen made a definite contribution to the art. Such never-to-be-forgotten pictures as the original Jannings-Negri series of which "Passion" was the outstanding example, "The Last Laugh," "Metropolis" and others, were successful all over the world. But a few successful pictures will not make a prosperous industry, and even these alert Germans were soon in financial difficulties.

As a last resort, foreign producers demanded government aid by raising the old hue and cry of "destructive American competition." Some chancelleries, notably those of England, France and Germany, with a keen eye to the potential revenue value inherent in such legislation, gave the idea serious consideration and passed the so-called "quota" laws, under which American companies to import their product would have to buy or finance a proportion of home-grown pictures.

France enacted the harshest quota legislation, but the unchangeable law of supply and demand rendered it impotent almost before the ink was dry. England and Germany alone succeeded in making such laws take hold, because they had fairly well-developed industries of their own; yet their very success, while fostering, also debased, their industries. Their studios merely turned to the production of pot-boilers to sell to the American companies for the purpose of complying with the quota law requirements. In addition, the even partial barring of American films cut deeply into the receipts of their own theatre business. The last state was much worse than the first, and apparently the United States was more firmly intrenched than ever.

Such, briefly, was the status of the international motion picture industry, anno domini 1927. The American magnates regarded the situation complacently and dreamed rosy dreams of an endless flow of gold from the foreign fleshpots. Smugness reigned supreme.

Suddenly a large and noisy nigger emerged from the cinema woodpile. His name was "Sound Picture" or "Talkie," for short, and he certainly made his presence immediately obvious, causing a veritable cataclysm in the entertainment circles of the United States. Mention of his name started more arguments than prohibition.

Characteristically, our brethern overseas placidly waited for the bursting of the American novelty bubble, pretending with a great show of indifference to have little interest in this newest and maddest of Yankee idiosyncrasies. But as the bubble grew they began to be apprehensive although still preserving the supercilious mask. They could not afford to gamble as did the Americans upon the outcome of an experiment for, still bogged down in the depressing aftermath of the war, they just could not spare the money for installing sound apparatus in their theatres. Even less could the inept foreign producers find means to provide sound-recording equipment for their studios. The trade abroad had to be certain of the fate of that bubble.

It did not burst. On the contrary, it proved to be no bubble at all but a crystal-clear globe into which mankind gazed and was enthralled. So forthwith foreign exhibitors hastened to wire their theatres, raising the money in any way possible, because it was obvious they could no longer refrain and continue to exist. To them it was another unwelcome but necessary expense.

Foreign producers, on the other hand, regarded the certain success of sound pictures as a gift from the gods. The inferiority complex forced upon them in the silent days vanished into the sea. They contended, and events later proved them right, that American producers would now be obliged to begin their world conquest all over again for, whereas pantomine needed no language to express itself, dialogue needed as many different ones as there were nations. Except to a very few in non-English-speaking countries American sound pictures would not only be unintelligible but would

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cause derision and wrath in the more volatile Latin countries. So intense did this nationalism later prove to be that Mussolini has forbidden the exhibition of pictures with dialogue other than Italian.

The Americans were certainly in a dilemma. Should they decide to produce in other languages, they would have to turn to other countries for materials, produce in overseas studios or buy pictures made by foreign craftsmen. America had little of the newly necessary ingredients for picture making, and to assemble sufficient in Hollywood would apparently require years and the gold of Croesus.

If, taking the other horn of the dilemma, they decided to stick to the English language, then foreign producers would be riding high, wide and handsome.

While they debated, their foreign rivals struck. The Alaskan gold rush was tame compared to the European sound stampede. Almost overnight there arose the spectacle of practically every nation on the face of the earth plunging willy-nilly into the maelstrom of talking-picture making. Men who never presumed to try their hand at silent pictures entered blithely into the infinitely more difficult task of dialogue productions.

The overseas headache of the American producers began to throb with a vengeance.

For a while they did not deem the necessity for positive action to be immediate. They honestly believed that the number of overseas theatres wired for sound would not assume important proportions for a long, long time. So adopting a laissez-faire attitude they offered, in the interim, musical pictures which certainly attained great success abroad—such as "Sunny Side Up" and "The Broadway Melody"—and pictures with synchronized musical accompaniment and natural sounds, but in which explanatory titles in the language of the various countries replaced the dialogue.

"The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley," especially in the movies. Alas for Yankee equanimity! In the spring of 1930, as an American producer was leisurely scanning his morning trade paper, a certain headline galvanized him into immediate action. The wires between Hollywood and New York burned. A huddle of other executives was hastily called. Something terrific had happened, to wit, the unexpected. It was suddenly discovered that almost seven thousand theatres outside the United States and Canada had been wired for sound. Almost coincidentally with this blasting discovery, and as the mighty conferees ran dizzily around in circles, frantic pleas began to pour into the head offices from their territorial managers overseas begging for even a few dialogue pictures in native language, if for no other reason than for prestige to bolster up the defense against native dialogue pictures some of which were doing a downright cyclonic business.

The pandemonium grew greater and, for that matter, is still growing. What to do? Everything conceivable after hasty thought was tried, but an adequate solution has not yet been found, other than the obvious one of immediately making plenty of dialogue pictures in foreign tongues. To begin with, and really to end the idea also, this is economically impossible. It means at least doubling production, and the resources of even the wealthy Americans are now severely taxed to turn out all the pictures required for their domestic programs. In the old days it was a simple matter to substitute written foreign titles in American pictures at a small cost and use the same negative throughout the world. But dialogue means making an entirely new negative for each language, or in other words practically making the entire production over again, with the exception of the cost of costumes, settings and story rights. Outside of the Spanish-speaking countries, the Germanic and possibly France, there is not a territory in the world that can pay back one-third the cost of making a picture in its language, even granting that it is made dirt cheap and enjoys phenomenal success. As a matter of cold fact, even in the countries enumerated above it would have to do exceptional business to more than break even.

The overseas headache gives all indications of throbbing painfully for a long time to come. There are too many factors to be considered before a cure can be devised, and the most necessary ingredient of all, experience, is lacking. There must be a deal of long and costly experimenting before the best solution is found and some kind of unified policy is worked out.

Of foremost importance is the question of where to produce. Paramount is making foreign-language pictures in Paris, Hollywood and New York and hasn't yet even the faintest idea which is the most satisfactory. Fox is making them in Hollywood and has considered Paris, but is cautiously feeling its way with limited production for the present. Metro is making them only in Hollywood and states emphatically that it won't make them anywhere else. Hollywood has the equipment and the talent, but in Europe production can be carried on more cheaply. A problem worthy of the judgment of Solomon.

One thing is certain, however. Confused as the Americans may be as to ways and means, the elated and rejuvenated European producers are going to find themselves up against the toughest kind of opposition. America is not going to give up the lucrative overseas market without a struggle.

It has plenty of resources. There is experience and present superiority in equipment and technique. There is the incentive to protect something which took long years to build up. And most cogent factor of all, America has financial resources possessed by no other nation. This means that the best of the world's talent is at America's command because money is the universal language when the question of professional services is involved. Chevalier will not stay at home and perform for "la belle France" when America offers him three times as much money to come to New York. Vilches left Spain on the first boat when Hollywood called. Marlene Dietrich is now an American star.

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Such is the way of all flesh in these enlightened times. It will be far from easy for foreign motion picture producers to overcome the American octopus, even though the octopus has to straddle another huge rock and acquire the gift of tongues. Our overseas cousins are making valiant efforts, however. They are producing far better pictures in dialogue than they ever turned out in the silent days. And more of them. For example, "La nuit est à nous," the first French talkie; "Sous les toits de Paris," which attained average success in France but oddly enough did tremendous business all over Germany and in Vienna despite its French dialogue; "Accussée, levez-vous"; "La route est belle"; and "Le chemin de paradis." These are the outstanding French talkies which have also been successful in other parts of Europe. Spain, Italy and Sweden have done comparatively little in the line of dialogue. But Germany! That is a horse of a very different color. Big hits all over Europe stand to their credit already—"Die Nacht gehort uns," "Atlantic," "Das lockende Ziel," and "Liebeswalzer." But overshadowing these have been, first, "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt," which did a land-office business in Berlin, ran for forty-two weeks in Budapest and eighteen weeks in Prague and was recently exhibited in New York and larger American cities in the original German with conspicuous success never attained before by a foreign picture except "Variety," "The Last Laugh," and "Passion." The second outstanding German dialogue picture is "Der Blaue Engel," the Jannings-Dietrich picture which far surpassed the previous records made in Germany by "Ben Hur" and the "Singing Fool" and which is now as "The Blue Angel," and thanks to the sudden vogue for the exotic Miss Dietrich, one of the box-office hits of the season in the United States.

Never did Europe offer opposition such as this in the silent days. Never, indeed, because they did not offer such quality. They have learned a lot and are capitalizing 100 percent on their knowledge.

Similarly, American-made dialogue pictures in other languages, few as they have been to date, have nevertheless been received with acclaim, notably in Spanish countries upon which the American producers concentrated because they rank second among overseas markets. "Del mismo barro," "Cascarrabias," "El precio de un beso," "Olympia" and "Cuando el amor rie" were each and every one made right in Hollywood, and each and every one has done a land-office business in the theatres of the Spanish-speaking world and in Brazil, where they much prefer Spanish to English if they cannot have their native Portuguese.

A grim battle is on, and the prize is control of a market which yields over one hundred million dollars yearly. So far we have only witnessed the preliminary skirmishes. The foreign producers must get capital. America, on the other hand, must obtain and hold the talent which is native to other countries and indulge in no extravangances of production. There is plenty of work for both warriors, and who knows the result?

PSYCHOLOGY OF DISASTER

By ALBERT M. CASEY

AS I LIVE but a short ten-minute walk from the scene of one of the worst disasters that has ever struck the centuries-old city of Lyons, a disaster that promises well to occupy the thoughts of our inhabitants for some time to come, I feel that I should be reporting this incident rather in the rôle of a purveyor of news than that of a student of psychology. But on second thought, realizing the capacity of the American journal for murders, strikes and, in fact, anything bordering on the sensational, I have no misgivings about adding my own particular viewpoint of our late calamity to the already crowded pages of history.

A few weeks ago, in the early morning, six buildings located on the Colline de Fourvière, undermined by the rains of a hundred winters, plunged to destruction, carrying with them, as far as can be ascertained, some thirty victims. A second *éboulement,* the completion of the first, took place at an interval long enough to allow a rescue crew of the city's firemen to invade the partially demolished buildings and be carried to death below. As soon as possible, dwellings in the vicinity of the devastated area were evacuated. The patients of Les Chazeaux, a hospital made up of two buildings of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, were moved to safer quarters in the Antiquaille Hospital immediately adjoining the threatened structures. Although the Antiquaille is in no proximate danger of collapsing, the ground upon which it has been built is unsound as is a large portion of the east side of Fourvière. The Basilique de Notre Dame de Fourvière, built on solid rock and literally perched on the summit of the hill, is a few hundred meters directly above the chasm created by the *éboulement,* but is in no danger. But the colline is unsafe! No more will the stairways on that side of the hill be used by pedestrians, who morning and evening found them the ever-to-be-desired short cut to and from the center of Lyons. No more will be heard the thunder of wagons on the cobble-stones of Montée St. Barthélemy or the screech of automobile horns as the daily traffic to the hilltop now winds its way along safer routes. The colline is unsafe!

From my window after dark each evening I can clearly see the huge beam of light directed at intervals from across the Saône onto the wounded hillside and buildings adjoining it. They are watching for the slightest indication of another slide as 300 men below work night and day knee-deep in water, among precariously standing walls, digging, digging, digging for bodies that are buried under granite and mud.

As I write I know that they have recovered twelve—corpses now. Each day we pray that it will not rain; for, with pumps going at full speed, they are unable to keep in check the streams of water that pour from the fissures in the hillside down onto the workers and the entombed victims.

Lyons has not yet recovered from the shock. It cannot reconcile itself to the fact that its beloved Hill of Fourvière is melting away before its eyes. Daily huge crowds gather at every vantage point: mothers, fathers, relatives and the curious, all trying to convince themselves that this terrible thing has happened. Withal they are patient. No hysteria, no scenes.

It is not sloth or carelessness that has given the French people this imperturbable attitude, nor is theirs an impassiveness begotten of despair. No. It is rather a long-suffering borne of cold logic which refuses to allow order to be overthrown for no reason at all. And yet not logic alone. Years of suffering were necessary. Suffering from the outside and from

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the inside of their own country. Suffering that has sharpened the vision of their philosophy of life which a hundred years of generations will not take from them.

This attitude as a general characteristic is certainly not common to our own people; and because we have never experienced it in its universality, we might be prone to call it stubborness in others. The picture of a people striking for their opinions *per fas et nefas* is not compatible with the people I have in mind.

It cannot be stubbornness that keeps Communism from every city in France when nearly every other country in the world has tasted the dregs of its godless ideals; nor can it be stubbornness that has marked the French as one of the most courtly nations in the land. No, stubbornness is not logical enough for all this.

If you read their newspapers with a meaning eye, you will find this principle carried out to the nth degree. I, for one, was thoroughly surprised as I followed the accounts of the catastrophe in Lyons's daily papers. A disaster that would have called for eight-inch characters in nearly any of the American news-sheets was captioned here in a modest three-or four-column type. With the number of victims unknown, we might well have looked for a city buried beneath the glaring headlines of a United States journal. Sixty, we read in the *Nouvelliste de Lyon,* and the figure, if ever known exactly, may be more—hardly less. You cannot help but see that they are uncommonly loyal to one another over here.

A week has passed and still, to my greater surprise, no one has been arrested, no one even suspected of bombing the hillside. M. Herriot, the mayor of this fair city, and his civic aides are still at large, busy about the affairs of government and spending many hours daily on the scene of the disaster. They have not been indicted for carelessness in duty or for not having ordered the houses evacuated before the calamity befell the city. No one has been lynched for allowing a company of firemen to invade buildings whose almost immediate collapse was clearly known to all. No, such a line of action would hardly be in keeping with the philosophy which these people profess.

A few days ago M. Herriot, in a meeting with his Cabinet, said that to think of blaming anyone for the landslide at this time would be nothing short of "indecent." And the editor of the *Nouvelliste,* commenting on the mayor's words, asks pointedly: "Why! who would or who has ever thought of blaming anyone?" This is not an opportune moment, he continues (in substance), for searching out details of this kind. What we wish now is the recovery of the bodies buried in the Rue Tramassac. The rest can wait. What a tribute to their loyalty and clear thinking!

Unfortunately the city of Lyons (the third largest in France in point of population) was not sufficiently equipped mechanically to meet a disaster of this kind. At least, I deduce this from the fact that the work of recovery is interminably long and that the machinery being used is as a toy compared to what should be on hand for such an emergency. But everyone seems to understand. Business continues unruffled, the traffic is not more than ordinarily disorganized, and the stock market has not fallen and shows no inclination to do so. It should give us pause, this carefully calculated stoicism of the French people.

The City Hall of Lyons has been made ready to receive the victims as they are recovered. The firemen who died in line of duty will be laid out in a special room with all the honors of the service in which they so nobly sacrificed their lives. Until a few days ago, other apartments had been set aside to care for the bodies of the inhabitants of the demolished dwellings, but the delay in removing the corpses has made it vital to bury them immediately.

Lyons is in mourning. The silver-tongued chimes of Notre Dame de Fourvière, accustomed to strike out the joyful tones of the Ave Maria each Sunday afternoon, have been silenced. Public joy has been turned to public sorrow. But it is not an unreasonable sorrow that feeds on the hate and unscrupulous criticism of those who might have been responsible for the lives snuffed out; nor is it a sorrow bred of distraction and despair over the loss of the city's fairest monument. It is a sane sorrow, a patient sorrow not unlike that of Christ Himself as He overlooked the City of Jerusalem and prophesied its destruction.

Who, therefore, can help but admire this brave people—from their gendarmes, who guard the approaches to the stricken portion of the hill, and who, with the quiet kindness of a mother and a determined manner which their physical fitness does not belie, demand of curious intruders a hundred times a day: "Vous-allez où?"; to the interested passerby on the sidewalk of the Rue de la République who informs you with the apathy of one long experienced in the school of suffering that the Colline de Fourvière can never be saved?

To night the beam of light from the left bank of the Saône once again plays on the wounded bosom of the Hill of Fourvière. It is raining now and has been for several hours. Firemen, soldiers and unskilled laborers are working tirelessly below in the hope that the night will not be spent in vain and that the morrow's dawn will see the last of those broken pieces of humanity exhumed from its untimely grave. The good Sisters of the Antiquaille Hospital hurry down in little groups of twos and threes throughout the day with medicines and restoratives in case someone be brought forth alive. But there is no hope of this now. A week of floods has completed what timber and granite might perchance have left undone.

Yes, who could not admire them?

The words of the immortal songster of Maecenas might without difficulty have been conceived and written of this extraordinary nation:

> "Justum et tenacem propositi virum. . .
> Si fractus inlabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinae."

Mothers can well be proud of sons so unflinching in the face of grave misfortune, and well may fathers boast of daughters so heroic in affliction; nor need American Catholics ever blush to know as friends and confrères those who practise so faithfully and observe so wholeheartedly Christ's greatest of precepts—charity and love for one another.

Cineres et Nihil

Ashes and nothing is the final mark,
We round the years out fumbling in the dark,
Each having loved his blindness, each his chains;
The riddle of the aftermath remains:

The great enigma of the Master's weaving,
Stranger than strange, and bold beyond conceiving—
The mystery of a glory to ascend
From ashes and from nothing, in the end.

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Venetian Glass Nephew

BY FAR the most novel offering of the season—novel, that is, in relation to Broadway conventions—is Ruth Hale's dramatization of "The Venetian Glass Nephew," from the novel by Elinor Wylie, set to music by Eugene Bonner. It is all quite remote from anything Broadway is accustomed to appraising, very eighteenth-century, thoroughly fantastic, a bit murky in some of its implications, fragile, dainty, and replete with possibilities unrealized in the present production.

The story itself is a strange admixture of hazy theology, black and white magic, wit and cynicism of the Voltaire variety, and the brittle charm of figurines moving to melodies of the harp and strings. It seems that Peter Innocent, Cardinal Bon, greatly desired the companionship and love of a nephew "as the other cardinals have," and prayed long and earnestly to the Madonna to give him one. The dramatist goes to unnecessary lengths to intimate that the nephews of other cardinals had a vastly different origin from anything suspected by Peter Innocent, and adds a wholly gratuitous fling in the lines of one of the characters to the effect that if the Almighty "could make a man, a cardinal might!" At all events, the cardinal's wishes reach the ears of Casanova who, for the moment, is in love with the cardinal's ward, Rosalba Bernis. To gain the favor of the cardinal, and being well versed in the magic arts, Casanova offers to have his henchman, Alvise Luna, a famous glass-blower, make a full-sized nephew in glass, into which figure Casanova will infuse the semblance of life. The cardinal consents on condition that only "white" magic be used.

There is a scene in which Alvise Luna's glass figure is brought to life by the incantations of Casanova—but, to the latter's great chagrin, this delicate and strange creature, christened Virginio, promptly falls in love with Rosalba, who returns his affection. The two are, in fact, married, in spite of the doubts and perplexities of the bewildered cardinal. The marriage is anything but a happy affair, the barrier between the man of glass and the woman of flesh and blood being beyond the power of human beings to resolve. Casanova offers Rosalba the "consolations" of earthly love, but when she proudly refuses, he then offers what he considers the only solution of the dilemma, namely, that Rosalba should herself be converted into a porcelain figurine, so that she and her Venetian glass mate might go on through their existence on the same plane of emotionless love. This time, however, the transformation can be wrought only by "black" magic. It is one thing, Casanova explains to the cardinal, to infuse a kind of life into matter, but quite another thing to snatch away the life and soul of a human being created by God. The cardinal is terrified, but when he discovers that Rosalba herself wishes to make the sacrifice, for the sake of her love for Virginio, he tries to believe that the heavenly powers could not find evil in an act of such great devotion. Rosalba undergoes the ordeal of fire, under Casanova's direction, and emerges a figure without a soul, who goes forth into the snow and cold without, hand in hand with Virginio. The cardinal, realizing what he has permitted, begs God for forgiveness.

From this brief account of the story, it must be quite evident that no matter with what delicacy and airy fancy the legend is presented, its underlying theme is curiously discolored with forces that strike at the source of creation. For all its fragile phantasy, it is the theme once again of "The Golem" and of "Frankenstein," but with this difference, that the major epics of black magic, including the various versions of the Faust legend, portray the efforts to interfere with life and the soul as almost cosmic tragedies, whereas the present tale smoothes over the vast implications of its theme with the lightness of a fairy tale, and even lends to the last transformation the glamor of a poetic romance. It is all well and good to say, in defense, that sheer phantasy of this sort must not be taken seriously, that it is intended merely as quaint entertainment, and that to dig into its underlying thought is as absurd as to censor the "fear-creating" episodes in "Mother Goose." But the obvious answer is that the moral and spiritual issues involved are raised in the story itself, that the author and dramatist were both fully aware of its implications and have used them as part and parcel of the dramatic theme. They have set up their own distinction between black and white magic, between the normal and the occult, between the human being and the "monster," even though their monster has a form of beauty and grace. They invite attention to the core of the legend and to its problem of good and evil. If their own answer is to imply that, after all, this is the best solution, and a rather pretty and romantic one, then they are also inviting hearty disagreement—as who should say that the devil is a charming and witty fellow, after all, and not a little to be pitied and condoned.

From quite another viewpoint, however, "The Venetian Glass Nephew" invites attention as an unusual and rather neglected form of entertainment. It is essentially opera on a small scale, yet, with its numerous passages of spoken dialogue, with its miniature treatment, and with the embellishment of a charming sextette, like a Greek chorus in Watteau settings, it provides, at one stroke, the delight of dainty music (and occasionally quite dramatic music), the charm of a lovely antique picture, and the dramatic interest of the play. In actual production details, under the direction of Walter Greenough, it falls short in many instances of that extreme refinement of detail, of that perfection of stylized rendition, and of that highly artificial decorativeness which can and should be used to lend full glamor and illusion. But it is a type of entertainment that offers a large promise as an antidote for the brashness of so much that is Broadway today. (At the Vanderbilt Theatre.)

The Matter of Audiences

IN A WEEK of momentary dullness in the theatre world, perhaps I may be permitted a digression from the play itself to the other side of the house where the audience sits in dark and intimate mystery. The audience is the neglected half of that entire thing we call the theatre. I have no serious objection to the constant misquotation from Hamlet, that is, to the notion that "the play's the thing," except that its whole meaning for the timeless theatre is lost without the concluding line, "wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king." For, as I see it, the king is the eternal audience without which the play has no meaning whatsoever. In fact, the play is distinctly not the thing until an audience is provided. Shakespeare's works may be most excellent poetry in the reading, and most excellent dramatic stories, but they are not plays at all until, in the mouths of actors, they prod sympathies, the laughter or the deeper emotions of a few dozen or a few hundred human beings,

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sitting closely together, and caught in the hypnosis of mass emotion. The conscience of the mass, that is, of "the king," is what makes the play the thing. Without that, the play may, like Hamlet himself, "unpack my heart with words," and the player may "in a dream of passion" force anyone to ask "what's Hecuba to him?" Hecuba becomes something only in the mind of the audience. The moment the audience accepts the reality of Hecuba, the play begins, words take on meaning, passion dons the form of reality, and the conscience of the king is caught.

Now it is precisely in this voluntary partnership of the audience that we find the explanation of the success or failure of so many plays, and particularly of the success of one play in America, let us say, and of its failure in France or in England. I have often felt that universities would be doing a large service to the theatre if they would include in their now all too academic studies of the literature of the theatre, a real study of national audiences. Could anything be more absurd, for example than a study of contemporary Russian drama without the living background of the Russian audience of today? The whole matter goes far beyond the mere familiarity of an audience with the subject-matter of a play. It digs into the basic character of peoples, into the nature of those things which can set in motion the self-hypnotic influence of one race or group and not of another.

American audiences, to be specific, have a certain outgoing quality which demands that they be able to identify themselves completely with at least one of the leading characters of a play and to share his or her emotions. It is the same quality which makes Americans, as a racial group, active "joiners" in civic life. Very few Americans are happy alone. They wish to be part of something, of a social or fraternal group or of a movement or of a political party. In their theatrical taste, this is most evident in their dislike for a play in which the author does not create sympathy for any one character, in which he is quite merciless in dissecting the good and bad qualities of each of his characters. That is why, for example, they will receive Ibsen's "Wild Duck" in fairly good grace, but will always remain frigid toward "Hedda Gabler" or toward "The Master Builder." In "The Wild Duck," the forlorn character of the little girl permits complete sympathy with her, and utter hatred of the busybody and interfering Gregers Werle. But in "Hedda Gabler" every character has pronounced weaknesses. The play is a psychological dissection, and so also is "The Master Builder."

French audiences, by contrast, are much more aloof in their sympathies. They keep their emotions pretty well to themselves, and are quite content to see and enjoy a play without in any marked degree identifying themselves with any one character or group. This is not necessarily a matter of greater intelligence or sophistication, but rather of underlying psychological make-up. The French view everything outside of themselves with considerable objective calm, and it is only at times of extraordinary emotional stress that they will yield their identities to mass emotion. When they do, they will of course do it to an extreme degree—rather by way of compensating for their ordinary rigid reserve. The French theatre, then, is one for which plays of the "dissection" type can be written. The French audience will be interested even in characters it dislikes.

A book could be written on these variations in audiences, and their effects on the living theatre of the day. At this moment, I am merely suggesting the primary interest and importance of the subject itself. The business of the dramatist, if he would be great, is to find the universals that all audiences understand. Otherwise he must know the particular audience for which he is writing and be content with their limited verdict.

COMMUNICATIONS

"ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In your issue of January 28, a correspondent disagrees with Miss Alice Russell's statement that the French government is actively anti-religious.

The gentleman's cited examples are unfortunate. The French Academy is an independent body, electing its own members free from outside influences. Moreover, it is one of the most hopeful signs for the future of France that within a few years the Academy has become Catholic, for the most part, and that a majority of its members are doing great service for the Church and for Catholic France. The election of Monsignor Baudrillat has no bearing upon the activities of the French government.

As for Castelnau and Foch, it is an interesting and suggestive fact that at the close of the war the command of the French forces was in the hands of officers who were, with rare exceptions, practical, devout Catholics. The anti-religious, radical officers had not stood up under test, had brought disaster, and had been shelved for incompetence. The French government had been forced to give the command to men like Castelnau and Foch. It was either that or destruction.

Let me here relate another suggestive and but little known incident: one of the most important factors of the victory of the Marne was the heroic act of disobedience of General Lanrezac when ordered to attack the advancing Germans at any sacrifice. Lanrezac saw clearly—shall we say by inspiration—the folly of this order; he remonstrated repeatedly with his superior command, and finally, after repeated orders had been sent to him to act, he deliberately began a retreat, which he carried out perfectly, delivering his troops in splendid condition and spirits to Joffre, for the battle of the Marne. These 200,000 men made a chief element of the victory for France. Lanrezac resigned his command for his direct disobedience; but on his deathbed, Foch pinned to his breast the highest order of the Legion of Honor. Lanrezac was a Breton Catholic officer.

When the radical government of Mexico attacked the religious liberties of the clergy, our Catholics protested with might and main throughout the country, calling to the attention of the entire world the wickedness and injustice of these wrongs. Without a doubt our protests made it easier for Mr. Morrow to negotiate the recent settlement between Church and State in Mexico. Who has heard a voice raised in our land against the infamous violations of common, elementary justice and rights committed by the French government against the Church?

About 1905, the French government seized all the real property of the Church in France; every church, every presbytery, seminary, monastery, convent, all the episcopal residences with their grounds and gardens; every item of real estate the property of the Catholic Church was taken. The French government was even base enough to steal the funds held in trust for prayers for the dead. All religious orders were expelled from France excepting the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of the Assumption, who nursed the sick poor. These orders refused to go, and the government did not dare to touch them. The Sisters of Charity were turned out of the hospitals and their schools were closed. The government was forced, before long, to allow the Sisters of Charity to come back to the hospitals. All the schools conducted by religious were closed and the property seized by the government. The canons attached to the cathedrals were expelled and their homes confiscated.

Who would believe, when visiting Notre Dame or the sublime cathedral of Chartres, that services in these edifices, built before

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France came into existence as a state, are dependent upon the permission, the good-will, of the French government?

No repairs or changes are allowed in any church or cathedral except they be made by the government, after an official examination. The village churches of France are the most interesting and beautiful in the world, many of them being incomparable gems of art. More than one thousand village churches have gone to ruin within the last quarter century, because the government refused to keep them in repair. Even though the village has the funds and wishes the repairs made, they are government property and nothing can be done. It rests with the government whether or not the church is to be kept up and when the government says, "No," the church is doomed to destruction. The churches are considered merely as works of art and are under the administration of a fine arts bureau. Those interested will find this subject treated in a work by Maurice Barrès, of the Academy.

Why is there such a dearth of priests in France? The deputies passed a law that all ecclesiastics must do military service and that they were subject to conscription, like other citizens. Everyone knows that the Church forbids this. When the war broke out all the seminarians and ecclesiastics were called to the colors. Our Holy Father ordered the clergy to obey, and many thousands were in the ranks. More than six thousand men, seminarians and ecclesiastics, died either on the battlefield or from wounds; and as many more were crippled for life, in one way or another. The heroism shown by these holy men had an effect not dreamed of by those who had drafted this infamous law. The soldiers were filled with respect for the men displaying such superhuman virtues. This explains the decorations awarded priests and nuns.

After the war, many of the seminarians could not resume their studies. Here was another loss. The ghastly poverty of the clergy and sisterhoods has lessened vocations, also.

To tell of all the trials and sufferings of the religious in France would fill all the pages of THE COMMONWEAL. Suffice to say the priest in France has a life of slow martyrdom.

Why then do not the Catholics change matters by their votes? The voting system in France is totally unlike ours, and it is so favorable to the party in power that, short of a revolution, a great change is impossible.

Every man has a natural right to worship his Maker according to his own conscience, and it is an infamous, disgraceful, indefensible abuse of power for a government to persecute any innocent form of religion, whether that country be Russia, Mexico or France.

The brutal excesses of 1905 may be explained by the political agitations of the time, but that France makes no move to repeal the wicked statutes against the Catholic Church is a national disgrace to France and makes a hideous mockery of the motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

HENRY B. BINSSE.

SOUP AND BREAD LINES

Bethlehem, Pa.

TO the Editor: In the issue of February 18, Mary Keeler Warwick took exception to Dr. O'Grady's recent article, "Soup and Bread Lines." This lady's letter had a peculiar interest for me since her experience with family relief agencies seems to parallel my own. She writes in favor of soup and bread lines in these times of emergency. I am inclined to agree.

When she pictured the destitute sitting on a bench, "under the eye of a cold, unsympathetic 'snip,'" in a relief agency, I thought for a moment that she was describing a certain relief society (not far from where I write this letter) which is my pet aversion. Fortunately for the many in need of immediate help, there is another temporary relief station not far from the society's headquarters, which dispenses food to the hungry. It is not run nearly so efficiently as the regular relief society, at least so far as beautiful offices and shining automobiles for the use of the "workers" are concerned. It is just a city fire-house which acts as a clearing station for food gathered around the city. The poor can apply there for aid without the well-founded fear of being scathingly denounced for all their faults. The fire-house has no "trained social workers"—"ladies" with "high-brow" accents and "low-brow" manners to force them to grovel and abase themselves for what they receive, When the firemen hand out a ham sandwich they don't tell the receivers how ignorant and superstitious they are to raise large families in the face of their poverty.

Of all the sins which cry to heaven for vengeance, the one which in my humble opinion clamors most vociferously is that of the relief association which has so prostituted its aims to so-called methods of efficiency that its workers forget that the hungry and naked are their brothers under a common Father.

I have not investigated many agencies, but if they are all of the same stripe as the one I am familiar with, then I say fervently, "May the Christ of the poor have pity on those who eat the bitter bread of modern charity."

Even here I question this alleged efficiency, since in the last monthly report of the society I mentioned above, it is revealed that it cost a dollar for every dollar given in material relief.

REV. HENRY V. WALSH.

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: There is, at the present time in this country, a shameful tendency on the part of Catholics to neglect their literature and news publications. This tendency has grown from the proverbial mole-hill, to the size of an enormous mountain. Almost every day we hear of some new book, some modern publication being brought forth before the public's scrutinizing eye, and almost invariably do we find the author of such a publication classed among the ever-increasing number of liberals and neo-moralists.

Now, there is no shortage of good Catholic literature today. Quite the contrary, of such literature there is plenty. And while we are not at present suffering to any great extent from the lack of Catholic authors, we do need to emphasize to our Catholic youth the importance of journalism as a profitable career. That our modern youth, belonging to that great storehouse of literature and art the Roman Catholic Church, should neglect this important field is due, no doubt, to the lack of coöperation on the part of the parents and the inexcusable indifference of our average Catholic layman.

The month of February was designated as Catholic Press Month. It is our duty loyally to support our press and earnestly encourage our Catholic youth to partake of the benefits, both spiritual and temporal, that are inherent in Catholic journalism. The Catholic youth of today must become the Catholic journalist of tomorrow.

In conclusion I should like to quote from the recent appeal of Bishop H. C. Boyle of Pittsburgh: "The time is here when the one thing needed to insure a great success for Catholic journalism in the United States is the popular support of our newspapers and magazines—that is to say, a growth in the number of subscribers and of advertisers."

JOHN J. O'SULLIVAN, JR.

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THE CATHOLIC POETS' SOCIETY

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: I wonder if the readers of THE COMMONWEAL are familiar with the fine venture of the Catholic Poets' Society of England. Last August, under the able editorship of Mr. Maurice Leahy, they published the first issue of *Carmina,* a Catholic monthly, which is devoted to the study of Catholic poets living and dead, and which deals with poetry from the Catholic viewpoint. The Honorable Evan Morgan is the president of the society, and the list of vice-presidents and associates assures the high excellence of the magazine's content. In part, the list reads: Alfred Noyes, Shane Leslie, G. K. Chesterton, the Honorable Maurice Baring, Father C. C. Martindale, Father Ronald Knox, Sheila Kaye-Smith, D. B. Wyndham-Lewis, Compton Mackenzie, Helen Parry Eden, Lord Alfred Douglas, Katharine Tynan, Padraic Colum, Enid Dinnis, Wilfred Childe, Father Vincent McNabb, Father Martin D'Arcy, Father John Gray.

This work of England's leading Catholics deserves the help and coöperation of Catholics in America. Copies of the magazine should be in the libraries of all our Catholic schools and colleges. The yearly subscription is fourteen shillings, post free, and may be sent to Mr. Maurice Leahy, Corpus Christi Hall, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

EDWARD CARRIGAN, S.J.

"LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE!"

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: The phrasing General Pershing used in crediting Colonel Stanton with the famous remark, "Lafayette, we are here," certainly supported the inference that he had never said anything about it before, and even left one a trifle in doubt as to the accuracy of his memory. Also, Mr. Justin McGrath lived up to the best traditions of journalism in waiting thirteen years to publish what Colonel Stanton had told him about the incident. But how do you account for the following?

Either in 1918 or 1919 I wrote an editorial saying that General Pershing had disclaimed authorship of "Lafayette, we are here," crediting it to Colonel Stanton, but that his disclaimer had no more effect than General Sherman's statement that he never said "War is hell." The editorial was based originally, as I recall it, on an article in *Stars and Stripes,* the American Expeditionary Force newspaper published in Paris. This article was widely republished in the United States, and gave full credit to Colonel Stanton. But it is peculiar that in all the years that followed the credit was misplaced.

The explanation, I believe, is that people hate to credit anything new or notable to one whose name is unknown to them.

IRVING BRANT,
Editor of Editorial Page, St. Louis Star.

AMERICA'S FIRST ITALIAN OPERA

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the process of shortening a paragraph in my article "America's First Italian Opera," the meaning was somewhat obscured. Da Ponte collected only enough money to defray the expense of an extra singer, as there was no one in Garcia's company able to sing the rôle of Ottavio in "Don Giovanni." There were operatic strays even then—Da Ponte went out and found one. The sentence in print reads ". . . to defray the extra expense of production." It would please me to have the lines indicated corrected.

LORNA GILL.

BOOKS

An American Aristocrat

Letters of Henry Adams: 1858-1891; edited by Worthington Chauncy Ford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THIS is not an easy book to review if, as happens to be the case, the reviewer is an incorrigible devotee of the Adamses and particularly of the writer of these letters. They seem curiously unrevealing of character and personality; rather, perhaps, what they do show is by indirection. Of course, while they begin with his first travel experiences after graduation from Harvard, they close with his return from his trip to the Orient with John La Farge, and so do not cover that later period of his life, when, after years of experimentation and adventure, he must at last have found himself. His three great works, those by which he will be longest remembered—"A Letter to Teachers," "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" and "The Education of Henry Adams"—all were subsequent to this date and of these, except perhaps the "Education," there is little of forecast in these letters. There are several long breaks, two of them covering nearly the whole period of the war between the states, others during the Reconstruction period and the months immediately following the death of Mrs. Adams. On the whole, however, the sequence is pretty complete, for a space of thirty-three years. Of course the fact that the correspondence, for the great part of the time, is confined almost exclusively to two men—his brother, Charles Francis, and his English friend, Charles Milnes Gaskell—implies a certain narrowness of horizon, for a man, even an Adams, shows different sides to different individuals.

Again, it must be remembered that ever since the days of President John Quincy Adams the family has been birth-marked by the devastating horror of Jackson's election to the Presidency, which, as Brooks Adams showed in his astonishing introduction to the posthumous edition of Henry's "Letter to Teachers" ("The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma"), left a curious kink in their mentality that amongst other things made it most difficult, if not abhorrent, for them to express their real feelings in public. This inhibition, if it really existed, may explain why the letters are generally so impersonal in their quality. Also one has a suspicion that careful editing has perhaps excised passages that, had the editor been less scrupulous, might have revealed something more of the man himself as his friends knew him in later years. Repeatedly, just as Henry Adams seems about to say something personal, perhaps even indiscreet (and here would have lain the really revealing things), one is confronted by the exasperating row of asterisks. The converse of this is that the editing might perhaps have gone further in the elimination of that quite unimportant material that, even in the case of so brilliant a correspondent as Adams, is bound to find its place in such communications. There is a good deal of this, and the result is a volume somewhat bulky and, for the ordinary reader, lacking in dramatic, or even literary, continuity.

Nevertheless, it is immensely valuable and a real contribution to the records of this most distinguished American family. Henry Adams was a model letter-writer and there is charm in all he writes, as well as unfailing beauty of prose. In this respect the letters written in his twenties fall little short of those very wonderful examples that date from his discovery of the islands of the South Seas. Through them all, even from the first, runs the subconsciousness, shortly becoming full consciousness, of the greatness of his family tradition, the

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point of honor of living up to it and, as a sort of nemesis, an abiding self-distrust. And there was also the mordant consciousness of that contrast between the quality of his own time and its personalities, and the age that had made his ancestors great—or that they themselves had given the aspect of greatness.

Disillusionment came progressively, both with men and things. Impelled by the compulsion of a dynamic ancestry he tried honorably to play his part, assailing financial corruption, the machinations of railway magnates, political partizans and their dubious ways, but always with a certain high cynicism that marked the congenital but consciously impotent aristocrat. This he was always, and under happier circumstances he might have been the saving aristocrat, but the years of his youth and maturity were those that were declining toward civil war engendered by fanaticism and that were enjoying the fruits thereof in the malice and chicanery that assailed the Johnson administration, the riotous corruption and degeneracy of Reconstruction, and the general ignominy of the Grant régime and after. Life had been crescent and character dominant in the days of his great-grandfather and measurably so in those of his grandfather. Now all was changed, and degeneration had taken the place of creative action.

The untimely and tragic death of his wife released him from the American scene from which his fastidiousness turned him in cold revolt, and he sought for relief first in Japan, but without much success, later in the islands of the South Seas. Here for the first time he seems to expand in a certain self-discovery, yet even here he is pursued by the evidences of the waxing Western barbarism in its wrecking of a fine race and the proximate extinction of a primitive and appealing culture —that same barbarism of contemporary civilization from which he had fled. Nevertheless it is in these last letters that the real Henry Adams shows himself, but the sequence ends with his return to America and before the final revelation of the inner quality of the middle ages of western Europe that would seem to have been the one approximate satisfaction of his life.

An aristocrat, honorable, fastidious, clinging to high ideals that met with constant violation and that his Adams nature led him to hide (or to laugh at) even in the case of his closest friends, he tried the active life, the life of slightly scornful retirement, and the lotus-living of the South Seas, and all with scant success or satisfaction to himself. It was only later and after the ending of these letters that in some almost miraculous way, through the agency of its architectural and other artistic records, that he found the heart of mediaevalism, and that heart was the Catholic religion with its philosophy and its scheme of life. It must have been a surprise, it *was* a surprise, for this sense of wonder informs all he wrote in "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres." And it is just the wonder that makes this book perhaps the most poignant, penetrating and sympathetic study of the middle ages we can find in all literature. Yet, even here it is an Adams that is writing, and the full admission of the depth of the personal appeal is never made. Exquisite interpretation of Catholic devotion is followed by wistful and whimsical repudiation of any possibility of personal belief. These whimsical denials carry no conviction whatever, perhaps they were not intended to, but the spirit of the interpretation is fully convincing and this far outweighs the formal negation. It is clear that at last Henry Adams had found reality, in essence if not in form, and the long and discouraging journey had reached its end in at least a far vision of that reality that had always been his desire and his goal.

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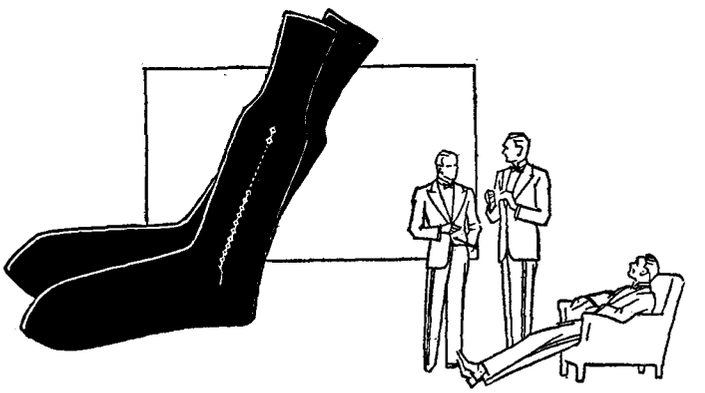

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NEXT WEEK

THE MEDIEVALISTS, by Cuthbert Wright, is musical reporting with penetration, suggestion, and good humor. For the layman of music, it makes the subject as alive as good baseball reporting does for its subject, and for the connoisseur who appreciates all the references and implications, it will be stimulating and amusing. And with all its verve, it is earnest. . . . THE FEDERAL BUILDING PROGRAM, by Oliver McKee, jr., gives a splendid survey of where the $700,000,000 to be expended by the government for public buildings, to help relieve unemployment, are going, and the conditions under which this enormous outlay is being made. . . . SAINT PATRICK'S BIRTHPLACE, by Donald Attwater, is a glamorous and scholarly paper appropriate to our celebration of St. Patrick's day. . . . ON CAKES, by Padraic Colum, is a substantial dissertation on pancakes, spiced cakes, cream tarts, cakes with icings, "cakes with rare fruits crowning them or embedded in them," and ideal cakes. It should come as a welcome bit in the middle of Lent, but sinners with weak wills should not attempt it on fast days. . . . ACROSS HUYSMAN'S PARIS, by Frank C. Hanighen, is a delightful ramble with a scholarly conductor among scenes rich with associations and color, and into interiors "tanned by the patina of prayers." . . . VICTOR OF GETTYSBURG, by William Franklin Sands, dealing with George Gordon Meade's book about his grandfather, deals with a stirring and important page from American history.

Wedding the Soil to Faith

The Mirror of the Months, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

AS A NOVELIST, Sheila Kaye-Smith, like Hardy, has made nature not a mere background but a filament of her stories; neither Joanna Godden nor Bathsheba could be transplanted. As a Catholic, Miss Kaye-Smith has brought the Church, new-found to her, home to Sussex. Very beautifully to the soil which has given her such rich inspiration, she now offers a share in the treasury of her faith; and into the mysteries of the seasons, she entwines the mysteries of God. Month by month she unfolds her philosophy, framed in landscapes. A few years ago, Albert Talhof, the German poet, retold the Passion as shadowed in the processes of nature through the long day and night before the Pasch. Talhof's prose was illumined by strongly modernistic woodcuts. Miss Kaye-Smith has relied upon her pen. Her book was the February choice of the Catholic Book of the Month Club.

As readers of THE COMMONWEAL know to their enjoyment, the months of "The Mirror" are pictured as reflected in the Sussex countryside. The details are affectionate: the "fugitive scents" of April; poppies, "the brave pennons of July"; "the secret heart" of the June woods; "the perfume of a September garden fire burning the summer in an agony of sweetness." In the silence of the listening fields, in the earth-smelling furrows, Miss Kaye-Smith reads her Breviary. The heart of the green woods echoes to her with the line of David's so pregnant to Augustine, "Man shall come to the deep heart." Mary's sorrows rise up in the perfumed smoke of September. It is the Virgin's divine Motherhood that burns in an agony of sweetness; her sacrifice is the fertile earth, ripe for the harvest.

In 1926 the rector of the American Church in Rome preached his Christmas sermon with a text from Virgil's "Fourth Eclogue." Innocent III, on December 25, 1200, had quoted the same verses. They sing the coming of the Child Who shall become a Prince of Peace to the whole earth. Miss Kaye-Smith cherishes the remembrance of those ancient myths, believing, like Dante, they were a lamp to enlighten men's thoughts and, as Our Lady embodies the beauty of the goddess of the sea foam, the fertility of Proserpine and the sorrows of Ceres, so Tanmuz, Osiris, Adonis, are part of earth's tribute to the mystery of Bethlehem.

One rather dreads a book that may seem to seek "fine writing," but when read as a whole, Miss Kaye-Smith's purpose exonerates her descriptions. Despite its slim size, it is a real book not just a "pretty" one. When she speaks of the man who accepts suffering in the coöperative spirit and thus becomes "the collaborator of God," she has coined a memorable phrase.

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

Seven Supermen and a Man

Lincoln and His Cabinet, by Clarence Edward Macartney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

AS HAS happened to other Presidents, Lincoln's troubles with his Cabinet constituted one of his major problems. He came to Washington as a political greenhorn from Illinois, surrounded himself with seven of the most eminent intellects in his party, all of whom regarded him with curiosity or contempt, and suffered for it. Dr. Macartney gives us the story of his relations with these seven supermen, and for good measure throws in Edwin M. Stanton, the first of those whom Lincoln called to the Cabinet after he began to find himself and discovered that he was bigger than they. He does not, however,

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give us sketches of any of the other men who succeeded the self-acknowledged giants, and who recognized Lincoln as their master at the beginning and made no trouble.

When Lincoln finished his first term, only two of the original Cabinet were left in it. They were William H. Seward and Gideon Welles, both of whom had shown that they could be not only useful to the Union but loyal to the President, and could get along without quarreling too much. Seward did not quarrel with anybody, and Welles, without liking him, confined his dislike mostly to that celebrated diary which had devastated so many reputations. After Lincoln died, his successor, Johnson, kept Seward and Welles by him throughout his term, and them alone.

Dr. Macartney shows the widest difference in character among these seven problems. They range all the way from Salmon P. Chase, who was disloyal and treacherous to Lincoln and continually scheming with his adversaries, to Montgomery Blair, who was not only loyal to Lincoln but his ablest adviser. Blair, too, had to go, but not as Chase did. When Lincoln was running for reëlection Blair had got himself so thoroughly hated by the schemers and fanatics that they threatened Lincoln with defeat at the polls if he did not get rid of him. Lincoln rightly regarded his own reëlection as essential to Union victory, and for the sake of it he asked Blair to resign. Blair did, and promptly took the stump for Lincoln's reëlection. They understood each other perfectly.

The author's aim is to be perfectly fair and tell the exact truth, and do it in an interesting way. There are rare cases in which he is not quite successful. He takes Seward too much at other men's estimate, and as mainly they did not like Seward it is remarkable that he has succeeded in keeping his judgment so well as he has. His only weakness is a disposition to judge a man favorably if he uses sanctimonious phrases, and he is quite ecstatic about Stanton, because Stanton on occasion could talk as piously as Uriah Heep. To do Stanton justice, he did not often descend to the level of Pecksniff.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

A Major Social Historian

The Second Twenty Years at Hull House, by Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

TWENTY years ago, Miss Jane Addams wrote "Twenty Years at Hull House," a book notable for its insight into social conditions and relations gained from first-hand contacts and for its charm of presentation. No single book in the social field has been read more widely or been admired more wholeheartedly. Not to have read it is to have missed one of the most stirring expositions in the English language of a social ideal put into practice.

Now comes "The Second Twenty Years at Hull House," as a continuation of the drama which began when Miss Addams, fresh from college and from European travel, settled down with a few kindred spirits in one of the most hopeless parts of Chicago, to be the neighbor of and bring social understanding, charity and justice to those who lived in the shadows of a great city, and to interpret their position to the comfortable and well-placed citizens. Hull House became the forerunner of settlements in all of the larger cities, and by the end of the first twenty years had a firmly established position in Chicago.

The second twenty years opened in 1909, just as the ideals of social justice, for which the Hull House leaders had stood, had begun to take root in the consciousness of millions of the American people. It was at the time of the origin of the

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Progressive party. Miss Addams describes the birth of that party in a vivid chapter in which she visions the ideals of Hull House projected on a national scale under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. "By the beginning of the third decade," she writes, "we had already discovered that our intellectual interests, our convictions and our activities were all becoming parts of larger movements."

The circumstances of the following years of war took Miss Addams upon the international stage. She became a part of all the great movements for international peace and understanding. Her narrative, therefore, describes the larger world of human ideals of which Hull House was an expression.

The chapters, "Five Years of War," "Post-war Inhibitions" and "Contrasts in a Post-war Generation," give a picture of the hysteria which accompanied the war and its aftermath. Those chapters ought to be read by all Americans as a preventive of their recurrence in other times of stress.

Other chapters are entitled "Aspects of the Woman's Movement," "Immigrants under the Quota," "Efforts to Humanize Justice," "Play Instincts and the Arts," "Education by the Current Event" and "A Decade of Prohibition." Each of these chapters is a fundamental interpretation of social justice and social action. After reading them, one is likely to approach social problems with sanity. Taken with its predecessor, "Twenty Years at Hull House," this new book is the most adequate interpretation of the social history of the last forty years that has yet been produced.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Mediaeval Masterpiece

The Stuttgart Psalter; edited by Ernest T. De Wald. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $20.00.

SUPERFICIAL knowledge of the middle ages, so prevalent up to quite recent times, tended to ignore the wide cultural diversity of those amazing centuries. There is certainly a pervading unity of inspiration in the creations of mediaeval genius, but, in art as in thought, its expressions differ as widely as do the churches of St. Sernin at Toulouse and St. Maclou at Rouen. All educated people now know something of these more obvious architectural contrasts, but few besides specialists realize the variety of riches to be found in those characteristic productions of the mediaeval period, the illuminated manuscripts. No study could be more fascinating, but except for those with time and opportunity to inspect these jealously guarded treasures in the great libraries of the world, it is a difficult one to pursue, since reproductions are rare and costly.

The Department of Art and Archaeology of Princeton University deserves high praise, therefore, for its generous resolve to make reproductions of noteworthy manuscripts more accessible to the student and art lover. The series will appear under the editorship and advisory supervision of a distinguished group of experts, among whom are the librarians of the Vatican and the Morgan collection. The present sumptuous volume, the first to be issued, contains photostatic facsimiles of the entire Stuttgart Psalter, a colored reproduction of one of its finest pages, and a description of each page. Since a detailed study of the manuscript's art and symbolism, together with a discussion of its provenance and date, are to follow in a supplementary volume, further review will be postponed until that time, but it is fitting that gratitude should promptly be expressed for the opportunity to enjoy this magnificiently vigorous masterpiece of early mediaeval art.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

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Novelists Also Differ

Rock and Sand, by John Rathbone Oliver. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Glass Mountain, by Joseph Warren Beach. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. $2.50.

A Short History of Julia, by Isa Glenn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This Our Exile, by David Burnham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

FOUR groups of Americans are here observed with honesty and care. The result is not a unifying formula, but differences of the unbridgeable sort which dismay the sociologist. This proves partly that Americans do differ: the genteel backwaters of Mrs. Glenn's South do not yield the same types as the New York which, twenty years ago, began sending vacationing Americans into Dr. Oliver's Canada. Even the sophisticated post-war Chicago and Princeton society of which Mr. Burnham is an initiate, experimenting in the very latest in excitement and cynicism, is not like the sophisticated post-war American society which Mr. Beach observes doing the same thing in Paris. But what it all proves even more conclusively is that novelists differ. They do not follow their material. It follows them, and no mistake is more mischievous than our common one of accepting the result as a scientific report.

A curiously complete illustration is the resemblance here between "Glass Mountain" and "Rock and Sand," whose authors present neither the same milieu nor the same philosophy. Mr. Beach studies the matrimonial and extra-matrimonial mix-ups of some roving, rootless Americans who are wholly free from what, in their group, used to be named "orthodox morality," and now, one gathers, is not named at all. Dr. Oliver shows us the contrast between the granite stability, the religious depth and high moral form of his beloved backwoods *habitants*, and the more privileged and less happy Americans who come up in the guise of summertime patrons. What these two writers have in common is that they apply themselves to the positive solutions of problems; and that they have the sort of integrity which is quite willing to seem naive on occasion for the sake of conveying that it takes its material very seriously.

"Rock and Sand" has not the penetration nor the intrinsic drama of Dr. Oliver's masterly "Victim and Victor." But it has true realism and an organic wholeness very hard to describe. Its outline is the career of Amyas Dufour, a French-Canadian foundling whom we see as acolyte, adventurer, idealistic lover, and finally priest. Through Amyas's life we feel the hard, barely endurable lives of the guides and villagers of far Cap à l'Ours, which may issue in avarice and brutality, or childlike gaiety, insuperable faith, greatness of mind; and through his wondering eyes we encounter the untroubled, unreligious existence of the American summer colony, which produces civilized sensibilities and a good deal of easy generosity, but also softness, querulousness, self-indulgence; or, even in an Anne Randolph (Amyas's permanent earthly idol) can make strength insecure and leave goodness only partly matured. There is no forcing of the personal clashes, no management of crises. The story flows to its quiet and heroic end with simplicity, with humor, with a good deal of sadness.

This note of grave triumph, inseparable from religion, is one of the book's chief contrasts with "Glass Mountain." Yet the characters of "Glass Mountain," though incomplete, are not trivial. They, too, are working things out, on their own level and by their own lights. Norma we may regard as an appalling little pagan, but she is not an ignoble pagan. She loves with

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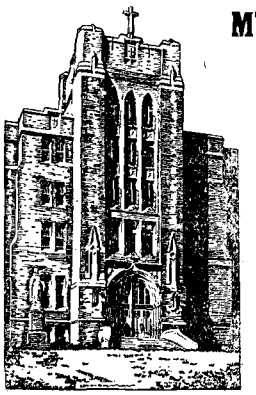

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generous ardor, gives up her husband mistakenly but unselfishly, and makes a lasting marriage on a basis which, so far as it goes, is absolutely sound. It does not matter very much that Mr. Beach supposes that he has demonstrated this basis to be physical passion. His story is against him. The basis is plainly character. The first, disastrous marriage was one of passion. The second time Norma, like the ballad heroine, picks a man she can trust to be tender and true. There are some stretches of unsatisfactory psychologizing in "Glass Mountain," some naturalistic passages which may not be imitative, but certainly do not seem natural, and one blow in the midriff of credulity, when we are asked to believe that Norma would give up her son. But there is charm in much of the writing, and a kind of fresh honesty of outlook which one respects even when most violently dissenting from its conclusions.

Mrs. Glenn has put so much good work into "A Short History of Julia" that one regrets that it remains a pattern novel to the end. It is a study of atmospheres and codes—sterilely agreeable atmospheres, outmoded and strangling codes—in a Southern city, and we need not travel South to be pierced by a sense of its authenticity. But against the carefully accumulated social detail the human story is thin and unconvincing. Its center is a beautiful girl who, temperamentally "marked" by a fastidious and helplessly remote mother, is unable to attain a life of growth, reality and love. This is a complicated formula, difficult to convey in a vital and dramatic way, and it seems to me that Mrs. Glenn repeatedly takes refuge from the attempt in those type depictions of which she is unchallengeable master.

Whether "This Our Exile" would be as effective a piece of writing if Mr. Scott Fitzgerald and Mr. Cyril Hume had never put pen to paper, is at least a relevant question. Mr. Burnham is also in the literary tradition of the young Catholic who uses his religion to adorn the tale just when, apparently, to him, it is ceasing to point any moral. This is not to imply that his book is anti-religious: it is only bitter and confused. It recites the first stages of the break-up of a wealthy Chicago family after the death of the father; but though it is inconclusive and filled with the deliberately understated misery of a mind keen enough to seize the essential quality of disillusionment, and young enough to dramatize its own stoicism, it is unquestionably a brilliant book. The originality and finish of much of the characterization is striking, and there is a gift for dialogue which should carry the writer far in fiction.

MARY KOLARS.

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